

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXX.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

NO. 11



## BREWSTER'S DÉBUT.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

### I.

THE gong clanged, the last man sprang aboard, and the car trundled away to the accompaniment of a final lusty cheer from the crowd which still lingered in front of the hotel. Then a corner was turned, and the last long-drawn "*Er-rskine!*" was cut short by intercepting walls. The throngs were streaming out to the field where, on the smooth green diamond, the rival nines of Robinson and Erskine were to meet in the deciding game of the season. For a while the car with its dozen or so passengers followed the crowds, but pres-

ently it swung eastward toward the railroad, and then made its way through a portion of Collegetown which, to one passenger at least, looked far from attractive.

Ned Brewster shared one of the last seats with a big leather bat-bag, and gave himself over to his thoughts. The mere fact of his presence there in the special trolley car as a substitute on the Erskine varsity nine was alone wonderful enough to keep his thoughts busy for a week. Even yet he had not altogether recovered from his surprise.

Ned had played the season through at center field on the freshman nine, and had made a

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name for himself as a batsman. On Thursday the freshman team had played its last game, had met with defeat, and had disbanded. Ned, trotting off the field, his heart bitter with disappointment at the outcome of the final contest, had heard his name called, and had turned to confront "Big Jim" Milford, the varsity captain.

"I wish you would report at the varsity table to-night, Brewster," Milford had said. Then he had turned abruptly away, perhaps to avoid smiling outright at the expression of bewilderment on the freshman's countenance. Ned never was certain whether he had made any verbal response; but he remembered the way in which his heart had leaped into his throat and stuck there, as well as the narrow escape he had had from dashing his brains out against the locker-house, owing to the fact that he had covered most of the way thither at top speed. That had been on Thursday; to-day, which was Saturday, he was a substitute on the varsity, with a possibility—just that and no more—of playing for a minute or two against Robinson and so winning his E in his freshman year, a feat accomplished but seldom!

Ned had been the only member of the freshman nine taken on the varsity that spring. At first this had bothered him; there were two or three others—notably Barrett, the freshman captain—who were, in his estimation, more deserving of the good fortune than he. But, strange to say, it had been just those two or three who had shown themselves honestly glad at his luck, while the poorest player on the nine had loudly hinted at favoritism. Since Thursday night Ned had, of course, made the acquaintance of all the varsity men, and they had treated him as one of themselves. But they were all, with the single exception of Stilson, seniors and juniors, and Ned knew that a freshman is still a freshman, even if he does happen to be a varsity substitute. Hence he avoided all appearance of trying to force himself upon the others, and so it was that on his journey to the grounds he had only a bat-bag for companion.

The closely settled part of town was left behind now, and the car was speeding over a smooth, elm-lined avenue. Windows held the

brown banners of Robinson, but not often did a dash of purple meet the gaze of the Erskine players. At the farther end of the car McLimont and Housel and Lester were gathered about "Baldy" Simson, the trainer, and their laughter arose above the talk and whistling of the rest. Nearer at hand, across the aisle, sat "Lady" Levett, the big first-baseman. Ned wondered why he was called "Lady." There was nothing lady-like apparent about him. He was fully six feet one, broad of shoulder, mighty of chest, deep of voice, and dark of complexion—a jovial, bellowing giant whom everybody liked. Beside Levett sat Page, the head coach, and Hovey, the manager. Then there were Greene and Captain Milford beyond, and across from them Hill and Kesner, both substitutes. In the seat in front of Ned two big chaps were talking together. They were Billings and Stilson, the latter a sophomore.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Billings was saying. "If we lose I'll buy you a dinner at the Elm Tree Monday night; if we win you do the same for me."

"Oh, I don't bet!"

"Get out! That's fair, is n't it, Brownie?"

A little round-faced chap across the aisle nodded laughingly. His name was Browne and he played short-stop. He wrote his name with an *e*, and so his friends gave him the full benefit of it.

"Yes, that's fair," said Browne. "We're bound to lose."

"Oh, what are you afraid of?" said Stilson.

"No; that's straight! We have n't much show; we can't hit Dithman."

"You can't, maybe," jeered Stilson.

"I'll bet you can't either, my chipper young friend!"

"I'll bet I get a hit off him!"

"Oh, one?"

"Well, two; then. Come, now!"

"No; I won't bet," answered Browne, grinning. "If there's a prize ahead, there's no telling what you'll do; is there, Pete?"

"No; he might even make a run," responded Billings. "But it's going to take more than two hits to win this game," he went on, dropping his voice, "for I'll just tell you they're going to pound Hugh all over the field."

"Well, what if they do get a dozen runs or so?" said Stilson. "Have n't we got a mighty batter, imported especially for the occasion, to win out for us?"

"Whom do you mean?" asked Billings.

"I mean the redoubtable Mr. Brewster, of course,—the freshman Joan of Arc who is to lead us to vict—"

"Not so loud," whispered Browne, glancing at Ned's crimsoning cheeks.

Stilson swung around and shot a look at the substitute, then turned back grinning.

"Cleared off nicely, has n't it?" he observed with elaborate nonchalance.

Ned said to himself, "He's got it in for me because he knows that if I play it will be in his place."

The car slowed down with much clanging of gong, and pushed its way through the crowd before the entrance to the field. Then, with a final jerk, it came to a stop. "All out, fellows!" cried Hovey; and Ned followed the others through the throng, noisy with the shouts of ticket and score-card venders, to the gate and dressing-room.

## II.

NED sat on the bench. With him were Hovey, the manager, who was keeping score, Hill and Kesner, substitutes like himself, and, at the farther end, Simson, the trainer, and Page, the head coach. Page had pulled his straw hat far over his eyes, but from under the brim he was watching sharply every incident of the diamond, the while he talked with expressionless countenance to "Baldy." Back of them the grand stand was purple with flags and ribbons, but at a little distance on either side the purple gave place to the brown of Robinson. Back of third base, at the west end of the stand, the Robinson College band held forth brazenly at intervals, making up in vigor what it lacked in tunefulness. In front of the spectators the diamond spread deeply green, save where the base-lines left the dusty red-brown earth exposed, and marked with lines and angles of lime, which gleamed snow-white in the afternoon sunlight. Beyond the diamond the field stretched, as smooth and even as a great velvet carpet, to a distant fence and a

line of trees above whose tops a turret or tower here and there indicated the whereabouts of town and college.

Ned had sat there on the bench during six innings, the sun burning his neck and the dust from the batsman's box floating into his face. In those six innings he had seen Erskine struggle pluckily against defeat—a defeat which now, with the score 12-6 in Robinson's favor, hovered, dark and ominous, above her. Yet he had not lost hope; perhaps his optimism was largely due to the fact that he found it difficult to believe that Fate could be so cruel as to make the occasion of his first appearance with the varsity team one of sorrow. He was only seventeen, and his idea of Fate was a kind-hearted, motherly old soul with a watchful interest in his welfare. Yet he was forced to acknowledge that Fate, or somebody, was treating him rather shabbily. The first half of the seventh was as good as over, and still he kicked his heels idly beneath the bench. Page didn't seem to be even aware of his presence. To be sure, there were Hill and Kesner in the same box, but that did n't bring much comfort. Besides, any one with half an eye could see that Stilson should have been taken off long ago; he had n't made a single hit and already had three errors marked against him. Ned wondered how his name would look in the column instead of Stilson's, and edged along the bench until he could look over Hovey's shoulder. The manager glanced up, smiled in a perfunctory way, and credited the Robinson runner with a stolen base. Ned read the batting list again:

BILLINGS, I. f.  
GREENE, I. f.  
MILFORD, 2b., Capt.  
LESTER, p.  
BROWNE, ss.  
HOUSEL, c.  
MCLIMMONT, 3b.  
LEVETT, 1b.  
STILSON, c. f.

There was a sudden burst of applause from the seats behind, and a red-faced senior with a wilted collar balanced himself upon the railing and begged for "one more good one, fellows!" The first of the seventh was at an end, and the

Erskine players, perspiring and streaked with dust, trotted in. "Lady" Levett sank down on the bench beside Ned with a sigh, and fell to examining the little finger of his left hand, which looked very red and which refused to work in unison with its companions.

"Hurt?" asked Ned.

of hopes fulfilled. But his heart subsided again in the instant, for what Page said was merely:

"Brewster, you go over there and catch for Greene, will you?" And then, turning again to the bench, "Kesner, you play left field next half."

Ned picked up a catcher's mitt, and for the rest of the half caught the balls that the substi-

tute pitcher sent him as he warmed up to take Lester's place. Greene did n't keep him so busy, however, that he could n't watch the game. Milford had hit safely to right field and had reached second on a slow bunt by Lester. The wavers of the purple flags implored little Browne to "smash it out!" But the short-stop never found the ball, and Housel took his place and lifted the sphere just over second-baseman's head into the out field. The bases were full. The red-faced senior was working his arms heroically and begging in husky tones for more noise. And when, a minute later, McLimmont took up his bat and faced the Robinson pitcher, the supporters of the purple went mad up there on the sun-smitten stand and drowned the discordant efforts of the Robinson band.

McLimmont rubbed his hands in the dust, rubbed the dust off on his trousers, and swung his bat. Dithman, who had puzzled Erskine batters all day and had pitched a magnificent game for six innings, shook himself together. McLimmont waited. No, thank you, he did n't care for that out-shoot; nor for that drop; nor for — What? A strike, did he say? Well, per-

haps it did go somewhere near the plate, though to see it coming you'd have thought it was going to be a passed ball! One and two, was n't it? Thanks; there was no hurry then, so he'd just let that in-curve alone, wait until something worth while came along, and — *Eh!* what was that? Strike two! Well, well, well, of all the umpires this fellow must be a be-



"MY BALL!" HE SHOUTED.

"Blame thing 's bust, I guess," said "Lady," disgustedly. "Oh, Baldy, got some tape there?"

The trainer, wearing the anxious air of a hen with one chicken, bustled up with his black bag, and Ned watched the bandaging of the damaged finger until the sudden calling of his name by the head coach sent his heart into his throat and brought him leaping to his feet with visions



ginner! Never mind that, though. But he 'd have to look sharp now or else —

*Crack!*

Off sped the ball, and off sped McLimmont. The former went over first-baseman's head; the latter swung around the bag like an automobile taking a corner, and raced for second, reaching it on his stomach a second before the ball. There was rejoicing where the purple flags fluttered, for Captain Milford and Lester had scored.

But Erskine's good fortune ended there. McLimmont was thrown out while trying to steal third, and Levett popped a short fly into the hands of the pitcher. Greene trotted off to the box, and Ned walked dejectedly back to the bench. Page stared at him in surprise. Then, "Did n't I tell you to play center field?" he ejaculated.

Ned's heart turned a somersault and landed in his throat. He stared dumbly back at the head coach and shook his head. As he did so he became aware of Stilson's presence on the bench.

"What? Well, get a move on!" said Page.

Get a move on! Ned went out to center as though he had knocked a three-bagger and wanted to get home on it. Little Browne grinned at him as he sped by.

"Good work, Brewster!" he called softly.

Over at left, Kesner, happy over his own good fortune, waved congratulations. In the Erskine section the desultory hand-clapping which had accompanied Ned's departure for center field died away, and the eighth inning began with the score 12-8.

### III.

FROM center field the grand stands are very far away. Ned was glad of it. He felt particularly happy and wanted to have a good comfortable grin all to himself. He had won his E. Nothing else mattered very much now. So grin he did to his heart's content, and even jumped up and down on his toes a few times; he would have liked to sing or whistle, but that was out of the question. And then suddenly he began to wonder whether he had not, after all, secured the coveted symbol under false pretense; would he be able to do any better than

Stilson had done? Robinson's clever pitcher had fooled man after man; was it likely that he would succeed where the best batsmen of the varsity nine had virtually failed? Or, worse, supposing he showed up no better here in the out-field than had Stilson! The sun was low in the west and the atmosphere was filled with a golden haze; it seemed to him that it might be very easy to misjudge a ball in that queer glow. Of a sudden his heart began to hammer at his ribs sickeningly. He was afraid — afraid that he would fail, when the trial came, there with the whole college looking on! Little shivers ran up his back, and he clenched his hands till they hurt. He wished, oh, how he wished it was over! Then there came the sharp sound of bat against ball, and in an instant he was racing in toward second, his thoughts intent upon the brown speck that sailed high in air, his fears all forgotten.

Back sped second-baseman, and on went Ned. "My ball!" he shouted. Milford hesitated an instant, then gave up the attempt. "All yours, Brewster!" he shouted back. "Steady!" Ned finished his run and glanced up, stepped a little to the left, put up his hands, and felt the ball thud against his glove. Then he fielded it to second and trotted back; and as he went he heard the applause, loud and hearty, from the stands. After that there was no more fear. Robinson failed to get a man past first, and presently he was trotting in to the bench side by side with Kesner.

"Brewster at bat!" called Hovey, and, with a sudden throb at his heart, Ned selected a stick and went to the plate. He stood there swinging his bat easily, confidently, as one who is not to be fooled by the ordinary wiles of the pitcher, a well-built, curly-haired youngster with blue eyes, and cheeks in which the red showed through the liberal coating of tan.

"The best batter the freshmen had," fellows whispered one to another.

"Looks as though he knew how, too, eh? Just you watch him, now!"

And the red-faced senior once more demanded three long Erskines, three times three, and three long Erskines for Brewster! And Ned heard them,—he could n't very well have helped it!—and felt very grateful and proud.

And five minutes later he was back on the bench, frowning miserably at his knuckles, having been struck out without the least difficulty by the long-legged Dithman. The pride was all gone. "But," he repeated silently, "wait until next time! Just wait until next time!"

Billings found the Robinson pitcher for a two-bagger, stole third, and came home on a hit by Greene. Erskine's spirits rose another notch. Three more runs to tie the score in this inning, and then — why, it would be strange indeed if the purple could n't win out! Captain Milford went to bat in a veritable tempest of cheers. He looked determined; but so did his adversary, the redoubtable Dithman.

"We've got to tie it this inning," said Levett, anxiously. "We'll never do it next, when the tail-enders come up."

"There's one tail-enders who's going to hit that chap in the box next time," answered Ned.

"Lady" looked amused.

"You'll be in luck if it comes around to you," he said. "We all will. Oh, thunder! Another strike!"

A moment later they were on their feet, and the ball was arching into left field; and "Big Jim" was plowing his way around first. But the eighth inning ended right there, for the ball plumped into left-fielder's hands. "Lady" groaned, picked up his big mitt, and ambled to first, and the ninth inning began with the score 12 to 9.

Greene was determined that Robinson should not increase her tally, even to the extent of making it a baker's dozen. And he pitched wonderful ball, striking out the first two batsmen, allowing the next to make first on a hit past short-stop, and then bringing the half to an end by sending three glorious balls over the corner of the plate one after another, amid the frantic cheers of the Erskine contingent and the dismay of the puzzled batsman. Then the rival nines changed places for the last time, and Robinson set grimly and determinedly about the task of keeping Erskine's players from crossing the plate again.

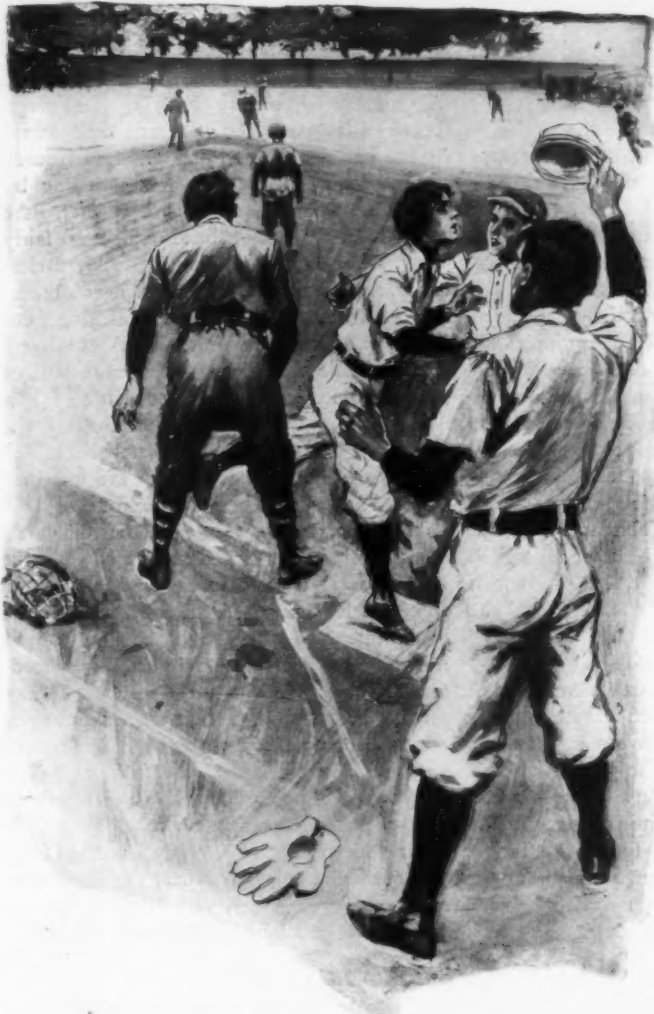
And Milford, leaning above Hovey's shoulder, viewed the list of batting candidates and ruefully concluded that she would not have much trouble doing it.

The stands were emptying and the spectators were ranging themselves along the base-lines. The Robinson band had broken out afresh, and the Robinson cheerers were confident. The sun was low in the west, and the shadows of the stands stretched far across the diamond. Kesner, who had taken Lester's place in the batting list, stepped to the plate and faced Dithman, and the final struggle was on.

Dithman looked as calmly confident as at any time during the game, and yet, after pitching eight innings of excellent ball, it scarcely seemed likely that he could still command perfect form. Kesner proved a foeman worthy of his steel; the most seductive drops and shoots failed to entice him, and with three balls against him Dithman was forced to put the ball over the plate. The second time he did it, Kesner found it and went to first on a clean hit into the out-field past third, and the purple banners flaunted exultantly. Milford's face took on an expression of hopefulness as he dashed to first and whispered his instructions in Kesner's ear. Then he retired to the coaches' box and put every effort into getting the runner down to second. But Fate came to his assistance and saved him some breath. Dithman lost command of the dirty brown sphere for one little moment, and it went wild, striking Greene on the thigh. And when he limped to first Kesner went on to second, and there were two on bases, and Erskine was mad with joy. Milford and Billings were coaching from opposite corners, Milford's bellowing being plainly heard a quarter of a mile away; he had a good, hearty voice, and for the first time that day it bothered the Robinson pitcher. For Housel, waiting for a chance to make a bunt, was kept busy getting out of the way of the balls, and after four of them was given his base.

Erskine's delight was now of the sort best expressed by turning somersaults. As somersaults were out of the question owing to the density of the throng, her supporters were forced to content themselves with jumping up and down and shouting the last breaths from their bodies. Bases full and none out! Three runs would tie the score! Four runs would win! And they'd get them, of course; there was no doubt about that—at least, not until McLim-

mont had struck out and had turned back to the bench with miserable face. Then it was Rob- in which he "went down" for the balls, proved him nervous and over-anxious. With



"NED TROTTED OVER THE PLATE INTO THE ARMS OF 'BIG JIM' MILFORD." (SEE PAGE 970.)

inson's turn to cheer. Erskine looked doubtful for a moment, then began her husky shouting again; after all, there was only one out. But Dithman, rather pale of face, had himself in hand once more. To the knowing ones, Levett, who followed McLimmont, was already as good as out; the way in which he stood, the manner

to win or lose the game. Then the first delivery sped toward him, and much of his nervousness vanished.

"Ball!" droned the umpire.

Milford and Levett were coaching again; it was hard to say whose voice was the loudest. Down at first Housel was dancing back and

two strikes and three balls called on him, he swung at a wretched out-shoot. A low groan ran along the bench. Levett himself did n't groan; he placed his bat carefully on the ground, kicked it ten yards away, and said "Confound the luck!" very forcibly.

"You 're up, Brewster," called Hovey.

"Two gone! Last man, fellows!" shouted the Robinson catcher, as Ned tapped the plate.

"Last man!" echoed the second-baseman. "He 's easy!"

"Make him pitch 'em, Brewster!" called Milford. The rest was drowned in the sudden surge of cheers from the Robinson side. Ned faced the pitcher with an uncomfortable empty feeling inside of him. He meant to hit that ball, but he greatly feared he would n't; he scarcely dared think what a hit meant. For a moment he wished himself well out of it — wished that he was back on the bench and that another had his place and his chance

forth on his toes, and back of him Milford, kneeling on the turf, was roaring: "Two gone, Jack, remember. Run on anything! Look out for a passed ball! Now you 're off! Hi, hi, hi! *Look out!* He won't throw! Take a lead — go on! Watch his arm; go down with his arm! Now you 're off! *Now, now, now!*"

But if this was meant to rattle the pitcher it failed of its effect. Dithman swung his arm out, danced forward on his left foot, and shot the ball away.

"Strike!" said the umpire.

Ned wondered why he had let that ball go by; he had been sure that it was going to cut the plate, and yet he had stood by undecided until it was too late. Well! He gripped his bat a little tighter, shifted his feet a few inches, and waited again. Dithman's expression of calm unconcern aroused his ire; just let him get one whack at that ball and he would show that long-legged pitcher something to surprise him! A palpable in-shoot followed, and Ned staggered out of its way. Then came what was so undoubtedly a ball that Ned merely smiled at it. Unfortunately at the last instant it dropped down below his shoulder, and he waited anxiously for the verdict.

"Strike two!" called the umpire.

Two and two! Ned's heart sank. He shot a glance toward first. Milford was staring over at him imploringly. Ned gave a gasp and set his jaws together firmly. The pitcher had the ball again, and was signaling to the catcher. Then out shot his arm, the little one-legged hop followed, and the ball sped toward the boy at the plate. And his heart gave a leap, for the delivery was a straight ball, swift, to be sure, but straight and true for the plate. Ned took

one step forward, and ball and bat met with a sound like a pistol-shot, and a pair of purple-stockinged legs were flashing toward first.

Up, up against the gray-blue sky went the sphere, and then it seemed to hang for a moment there, neither rising nor falling. And all the time the bases were emptying themselves. Kesner was in ere the ball was well away, Greene was close behind him, and now Housel, slower because of his size, was swinging by third; and from second sped a smaller, lithe figure with down-bent head and legs fairly flying. Coaches were shouting wild, useless words, and none but themselves heard them; for four thousand voices were shrieking frenziedly, and four thousand pairs of eyes were either watching the flight of the far-off ball, or were fixed anxiously upon the figure of left-fielder, who, away up near the fence and the row of trees, was running desperately back.

Ned reached second, and, for the first time since he had started around, looked for the ball. And, as he did so, afar off across the turf a figure stooped and picked something from the ground and threw it to center-fielder. And center-fielder threw it to third-baseman. And meanwhile Ned trotted over the plate into the arms of "Big Jim" Milford, and Hovey made four big black tallies in the score-book. Three minutes later and it was all over, Billings flying out to center field, and the final score stood 13-12. Erskine owned the field, and Ned, swaying and slipping dizzily about on the shoulders of three temporary lunatics, looked down upon a surging sea of shouting, distorted faces, and tried his hardest to appear unconcerned — and was secretly very, very happy. He had his E; best of all, he had honestly earned it.





CATCHER'S MITT, TO THE BAT: "YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, STRIKING A LITTLE FELLOW LIKE THAT."

## IGNORANT SUSIE.

By G. G. WIEDERSEIM.

This is little Susie  
Riding into town,  
Reading her A B C's  
Upside down.



This is little Tommy  
Sitting 'cross the way,  
Laughing at her ignorance,  
As well he may.





## THE TWO COUNTRIES.

BY JANE MARSH PARKER.

### IN THE VALLEY OF DILLY-DALLY.

LITTLE *Goingsomeday*,  
And little *Someothertime*,  
Were there in the valley of Dilly-Dally  
From seven till after nine.

"It's here with the bees we do as we please,"  
Said little *Someothertime*.

"While here we stay  
We play and play—  
What else is half so fine?"

And then they were off to the *By-and-by* tree,  
Where the big cockatoo  
And the little cuckoo  
Were calling away with noisy ado:

"We dine *some* time; some time we dine!  
But oh, we are hungry as we can be!"  
Our little boys said: "And who can see  
A sign when dinner ready will be?"

Then the cockatoo winked at the little cuckoo:  
"*Some* time, *some* time we'll wait on you.  
This, boys, is the land of *We'regoingto*;  
It's a long ways off from *Nowrightaway*,  
Where even the cooks are on time, they say.

"Our clocks never strike;  
They drawl but one chime:  
'Some other day!  
Some other time!'"



But this is the place for lads like you:  
You may take all day to button your shoe;  
You may take a year for nothing to do!  
What time is it, eh? *Next* time at your  
ease,—

*Some* time, any time, save *now*, if you  
please.

Our clocks never strike; they drawl but  
one chime:

‘Some other day! Some other time!’”

#### IN THE LAND OF NOWRIGHTAWAY.

Now the sun is low in the west, you see;  
And the dark creeps up to the *By-and-by*  
tree.

Speed away, good swallow, on swiftest wing,  
And above that cockatoo’s screeching sing:

“Come home, little laggards, come home and  
stay

In your own fair land of *Nowrightaway*,  
Where the clocks strike true, and faces  
shine

When the school-bells ring out, ‘Nine!  
nine! nine!’

The road is straight that brings you here,  
And after this we’ll call you dear

*Yesrightaway*,

Dear *Justontime*,

And forget the day you ran away  
To the dreary valley of Dilly-Dally,—

Poor little *Goingtosomeday*,  
And little *Someovertime*!”



“The clocks strike true,  
And faces shine  
When the school-bells ring out,  
‘Nine! nine! nine!’”

## THE HOME OF "BUFF" AND "BOUNCER."

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

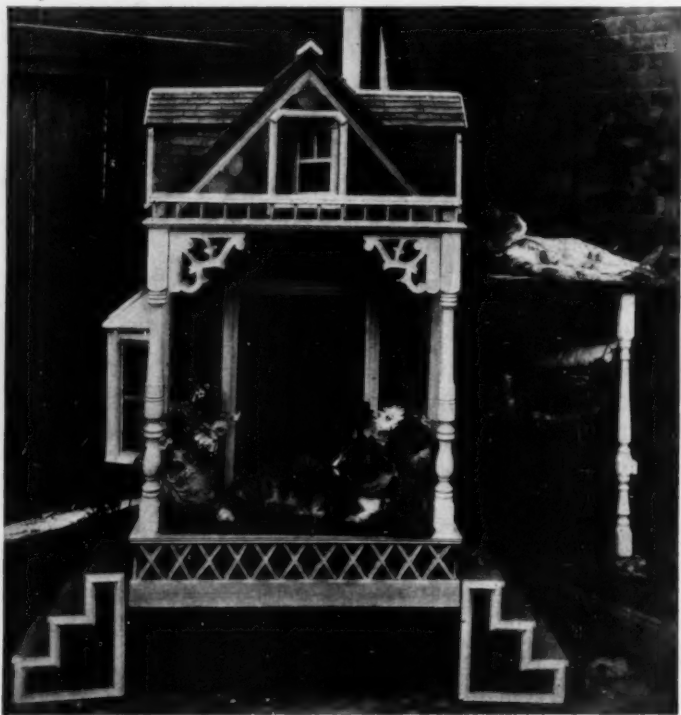
THE quaint old city of Boston has many interesting sights, but a spectacle that would astonish boys and girls as much as anything is a glimpse at the home of "Buff" and "Bouncer."

Now, Buff and Bouncer are cats, not of fine breed, like the Maltese, nor especially beautiful, like the Angoras. They are just common, every-day cats. Bouncer is a tortoise-shell with a white triangle on his nose, and Buff—I dislike to tell it, but he is nothing in the world but an ordinary yellow cat. Somehow, yellow cats and dogs are counted among the offscourings of their kind, but Buff—well, I have changed my opinion of yellow cats since meeting him!

These Boston cats live—that is, their master and mistress live—in a brick house on a street in Boston near a railroad. But Buff and Bouncer have a house all their own. It stands in the little square homely city yard, which extends out to the tracks.

You will understand that what with noise, soot, cinders, and cramped quarters, these city cats need some compensation for that lack of freedom which their country brothers enjoy. Their mistress is so fond of them and so afraid of losing them that they are even deprived of the city cat's chief pleasure, back-fence promenades, by reason of a wire netting stretched flat along the top of the fence, so that they can-

not climb up. As consolation for these privations, the mistress of Buff and Bouncer has built them a house that no carpenter need be ashamed of. She began it as a sort of shelter for her pets when they wanted to be in the yard in bad weather. But once her fingers and her hammer got started, the rough kennel grew and grew. It reached up until it became four feet two inches high, and spread to two



WHERE "BUFF" AND "BOUNCER" LIKE TO LIE AND SUN THEMSELVES.

and a half feet wide. It took on some fancy shingles and a cunning gable window. The work then became so fascinating to the builder that she just could not help adding a piazza and then a bay-window. She is a very small woman, so she devised a way to get inside in

order to fasten in windows, to tack up curtains, and to complete various other arrangements for the comfort of her cats. Nearly the whole side of the house is swung on hinges, so it can be pulled out, and as it comes out, like a shelf-table, some long, slender-jointed legs unfold, and lo! a sort of porte-cochère, on the roof of which the cats like to lie and sun themselves, and underneath which their hammock can be hung.

One day, when the cats' mistress was inside the tiny house, sitting on the floor and hard at work, Buff came in, jumped up on a cross-beam high in his house, and stretched his head up as if to look out of the little gable window.

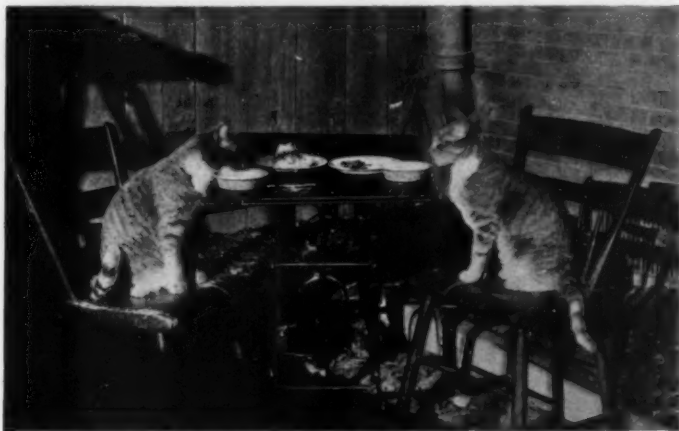
"Well, Buff," said his mistress, "you shall have an upstairs, since you want it so badly." So she put in a sort of floor up there, leaving

movable flight of steps, which stand sometimes at the front, sometimes at the side of the piazza, but which, you may be sure, Buff and Bouncer do not stop to use. It also has a hammock and a bedstead for each cat. And Buff and Bouncer will lie in the hammock, allow themselves to be tucked up in bed, or ride in their carriage,—a doll-carriage,—and seem to enjoy themselves hugely. They will also sit up in little chairs at a small table and eat, though they much prefer their customary way. One has his dish set on the floor of the piazza, and generally dines there; the other has his dish on the upper balcony or roof of the piazza.

They seem to like to lie and sleep in or take a ride in their carriage, though, of course, they

have to take turns. And they like to lie in their hammock when their mistress puts them there—that is, they will lie still and pretend to sleep, and have never said they did n't like it, which is a pretty sure sign that it is agreeable to them, don't you think so?

In the winter this home of Buff and Bouncer is closed, and covered with canvas and oil-cloth to keep it from being spoiled by

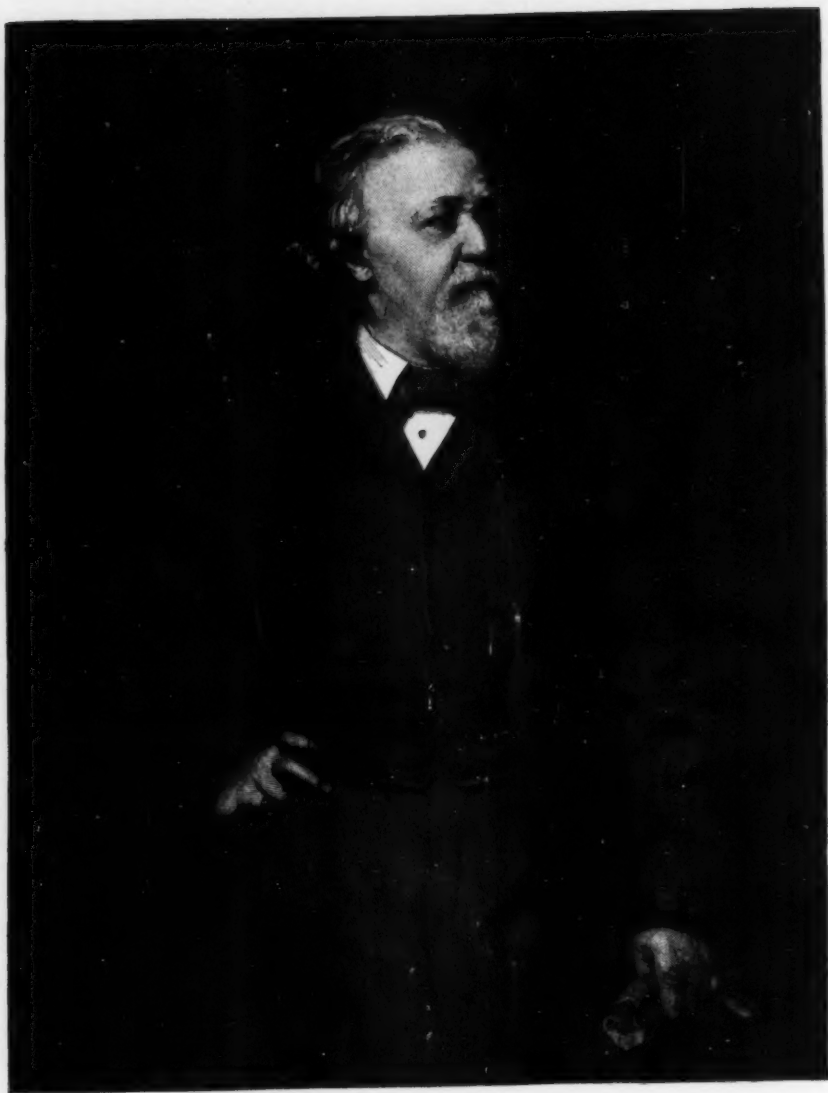


"THEY WILL ALSO SIT UP IN LITTLE CHAIRS AT A SMALL TABLE AND EAT."

an opening, of course, with a shelf half-way up, at the back of the first-floor room, to serve as a cat stairway. When Buff and Bouncer go to their second story, they jump up on this shelf-stair, then easily spring through the opening into their attic room. There is a piece of thick carpet for them to lie on, and there they love to stay, dozing or looking lazily out of their little front window.

The little house is further fitted up with a

storms and snowdrifts. At that inclement season these wise Boston cats prefer to live in the warm, cozy kitchen of the big house; so you see what aristocrats they are. They not only have a home all their own, but it is their summer home, their resort, to which they go as soon as the spring weather begins, and which is kept open until the fall rains make their abode too damp and chilly for them. Happy Buff and Bouncer, two very lucky cats!



*Robert Browning.*

FROM THE PAINTING BY RUDOLF LEHMANN.



## A LITTLE TALK ABOUT A GREAT POET.

KLYDA RICHARDSON STEEGE.



HERE was once a girl who was very fond of poetry. She pored over all the books of poems she could find, until many a sweet verse and singing rhyme stored themselves in her brain, to be often repeated and lingered over with the keenest enjoyment. As she grew older, her ability to understand and enjoy one poet after another grew with her, and she widened her range of reading until she was fairly familiar with the best poetry in our language, and had her own strong preferences. She could recognize the varied styles of our American poets, and she loved the poems of Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell. Later, the songs of Keats, Byron, Shelley, and Tennyson, and Milton's stately verse, became dear to her, and she could repeat poems of these and other master minds of English literature.

She then began to read Mrs. Browning, and enjoyed her thoroughly, in spite of obscure lines and references to things unknown to her limited experience. She was delighted to see how many of these poems she could understand and enjoy. She never attempted to read Robert Browning at all until she was past being a little girl, and then she regretted that she had waited so long.

Of course no very young person could appreciate or understand properly the larger part of Browning's writings, but, still, he has written many things simple enough to give real pleasure even to young folks. A glimpse into a beautiful country is often worth while, even if one can explore only a very little way into its wonders. It seems to me, then, that you young people might enjoy beginning to read and study the great poems of Browning now, just as you study the musical compositions of Bach and Beethoven, only taking the easiest and simplest of them. By doing this you will, after a while, be able to enjoy the more subtle poems,

just as in music you will later appreciate symphonies and concertos that at present are too difficult for you.

Robert Browning is undoubtedly a writer difficult and obscure in perhaps the greater number of his poems. But, for all that, he has sung—sometimes in a complete poem, and more often in single verses or even a line or two—wonderful and beautiful things within the reach of every one, young or old. Some of his poems are even full of humor. Who of you does not know the story of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin"?

But really to appreciate Browning you will have to *study* him, for so much lies behind the mere words of his poems. Some of the most beautiful things in the world are the simplest, and we see their beauty at a glance; but others require time and thought to make us appreciate them. You know that this is true in music, and you will find it so in all reading and study. What we have to work for we generally value the most.

When we try to form an opinion of a man's work, we are interested to know something of the man himself, and how and where he lived. Probably many of you already know about Robert Browning, and have read sketches of his life. He was born at Camberwell, near London, England, in 1812, and was educated at Balliol College at Oxford. He began to write when quite young, and his poetry, so different from that of any other writer, appealed at first to a small but appreciative circle of readers. Fame did not come to him early, for the public did not understand him. But long before he died his place in literature was assured, and at his death the British nation paid him the high honor of giving his body a resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

You know, of course, of his happy marriage to Miss Elizabeth Barrett, a poet like himself, and how they lived in Italy, making their home in the country they both loved. Some day, when

you go to Florence, you will see the house, known as Casa Guidi, where Mrs. Browning died, and over whose door the Italians have placed a beautiful and touching inscription. Then, when you are in Venice, you will ride in your gondola past one of the fine old palaces on the Grand Canal, and on its wall you will see written that it was there that Robert Browning spent the last years of his life, and there he died.

Critics say that a distinguishing feature of Browning's work is what they call his optimism, or desire to be contented with things as they are. He thoroughly believed that good is stronger than evil. This trait makes his poems stimulating, helpful, and encouraging. He is always teaching that there is compensation for sorrow and for suffering patiently borne, and that wrong will one day be conquered by right.

In beginning to read Browning it will be better not to attempt the very long poems or the plays. The shorter, simpler things will be the best for you to try.

I think, however, it is safe to say that your blood will be stirred by the story of Hervé Riel and the way in which it is told. He describes how, when the French fleet at The Hague, in 1692, were so hotly pursued by the English that Admiral Damfreville, finding no pilot brave enough to steer through a dangerous and rocky channel, proposed to beach and burn the ships. Then he said:

"Give the word!" But no such word  
Was ever spoke or heard;  
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck  
amid all these  
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate,—first,  
second, third?  
No such man of mark, and meet  
With his betters to compete!  
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville  
for the fleet,  
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

Then how he shames every other pilot and sailor!

"Only let me lead the line,  
Have the biggest ship to steer,  
Make the others follow mine,

And if one ship misbehave,  
—Keel so much as grate the ground,  
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here 's my head!"  
cries Hervé Riel.

Then read on how

... the big ship, with a bound,  
Clears the entry like a hound,  
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide  
sea's profound!

The peril, see, is past,  
All are harbored to the last,  
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as  
fate,  
Up the English come—too late.

But you must finish this for yourselves.

And Browning wrote many poems of this class. Most of you probably know "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," with its hurrying, thrilling verse, and very likely some of you have recited it at school. Perhaps, too, you know the touching "Incident of the French Camp," the story of the little aide who, unmindful of severe wounds, hurried to tell Napoleon of victory. And when at the emperor's words,

"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride  
Touched to the quick, he said:  
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,  
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

Browning was a man of such wide and deep learning that he was able to choose his subjects from the history and traditions of many times and peoples. His poetry seems to touch almost everything, from early Greek characters or Bible heroes, down to our own day—Persians, Arabs, and Jews, medieval warriors, monks and martyrs, philosophers, and the great masters of painting and music.

A great poet is almost always a close student of nature, and Browning was that. He is constantly telling us of many things which our own eyes and ears have not been sharp enough to discover. As he makes the painter-monk of Florence say,

... Art was given for that;  
God uses us to help each other so,  
Lending our minds out.

Which is as true of one form of art as of another, poetry as well as painting.

I have tried to say a little to you first of Browning's poems of heroism, because, if you care for the music of words and the beauty of

ideas, you will be more interested in a story, especially if it is told in a dramatic, original way. But, without doubt, there are among the young folk a number to whom the beauty of rhythm and the melody of poetry appeal, and these might begin their study of Browning in a different fashion. What do you think of such a verse as this, for example?

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles  
Miles and miles  
On the solitary pastures where our sheep  
Half-asleep  
Tinkle homeward through the twilight, stray or stop  
As they crop —  
Was the site once of a city great and gay  
(So they say)  
Of our country's very capital, its prince  
Ages since  
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far  
Peace or war.

This comes from "Love among the Ruins," one of the most musical, most haunting things that Browning ever wrote. You will not, and need not understand it all now, but the swing and the song of it will please you. How often have these verses come into my mind as I have walked through the twilight fields of France or Italy, with a flock of sheep sleepily wandering home near by!

Then there is this, from "Home-thoughts from Abroad":

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!

Read this poem through, and then when you have finished, look up another poem, not very much longer, called "De Gustibus," which means Concerning Tastes. In this poem Browning goes on to speak, by way of contrast, of his beloved "land of lands," Italy, and to give a vivid picture of

... a seaside house to the farther South,  
where

... one sharp tree — 't is a cypress — stands,  
By the many hundred years red-rusted,

My sentinel to guard the sands  
To the water's edge. For, what expands  
Before the house, but the great opaque  
Blue breadth of sea without a break?

When you have lived for a time on the southern Italian shore, as I have, and looked away

over the shining sea, you will appreciate this picture. Perhaps you might even, in some moods, come to say, as Browning says:

Italy, my Italy!  
Open my heart, and you will see  
Graved inside of it "Italy."

Browning may be said to have written for scholars, and it is true that much of his work requires a wide general knowledge to help one's proper understanding of it. His subjects and characters are often unfamiliar and out-of-the-way. You will be struck more and more, as your study leads you on, with his familiarity with different sciences and arts.

No poet has written of music more sympathetically or intelligently than he. There are three poems especially on music which some day you will enjoy better than you could at present, and their titles are "A Toccata of Galuppi's," "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," and one of his greatest and noblest poems, "Abt Vogler."

He has written very often and very delightfully on painting and sculpture, and the masters in these arts. Turn to these poems when you can. If you never read any other, beautiful though they all are, read at least "Old Pictures in Florence." I have said how helpful and stimulating Browning is. In this poem there are certain verses that are wonderfully cheering and encouraging, and they are worth learning by heart.

They begin:

So you saw yourself as you wished you were,  
As you might have been, as you cannot be.

Then read on to the lines:

The Artificer's hand is not arrested  
With us; we are rough-hewn, nowise polished:  
They stand for our copy, and, once invested  
With all they can teach, we shall see them abolished.

Another time, if you want a tonic, remember the lines in "Apparent Failure":

It's wiser being good than bad;  
It's safer being meek than fierce;  
It's fitter being sane than mad.  
My own hope is, a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;  
That what began best can't end worst,  
Nor what God blessed once prove accursed.



"THE GUARDIAN ANGEL."

FROM THE PAINTING BY GUERCINO, IN THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE AT FANO, ITALY.

See what a cheerful thought this is for a morning waking:

The year 's at the spring  
And day 's at the morn;  
Morning 's at seven;  
The hillside 's dew-pearled;  
The lark 's on the wing;  
The snail 's on the thorn;  
God 's in his heaven —  
All 's right with the world!

This ought to send you along ready for anything.

There is just one more of the many beautiful things which your search will show you, that I would like to mention particularly, though it is not a poem for young people. It is the poem called "Prospice," and I hope you will have an opportunity of hearing it read aloud, after a while, by some one who understands and appreciates Browning.

When you are old enough, you should be sure, whatever else of Browning's you fail to read, not to neglect becoming familiar with these, at least, of his shorter poems: "The Last Ride Together," "By the Fireside," "Two in the Campagna," "Meeting at Night — Parting at Morning," "The Statue and the Bust," "Andrea del Sarto," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "The Italian in England," "Saul," "One Word More," "Evelyn Hope."

In your study of this great poet you may notice that he was not always careful that his rhythm should be absolutely perfect, and sometimes, when his idea was greatest, his expression of it was rugged and strong, rather than merely beautiful. The singing melody of Swinburne, Tennyson, or Longfellow is not always his; but he has always something worth saying, and

says it in a way that we cannot forget. Musical enough he can be if he wishes, but strength is his most decided characteristic.

Now, after talking about the poems of adventure and heroism, those of nature and art, and of Browning's noble trait of encouraging and helping his readers, open your books for just a moment and turn to the sweet, restful, quieting poem of "The Guardian Angel."

Its subject is a picture by an old Italian artist named Guercino, who died more than three hundred years ago. He left the picture over an altar in a church at Fano, a little out-of-the-way place on the Adriatic Sea. You remember the pretty idea of the guardian angel who attends each child and watches over him to keep him from harm and evil. So the speaker in the poem, sitting and looking at the picture in the dim old church, says:

Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave  
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!  
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve  
Shall find performed thy special ministry,  
And time come for departure, thou, suspending  
Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,  
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,  
From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,  
— And suddenly my head is covered o'er  
With those wings, white above the child who prays  
Now on that tomb — and I shall feel thee guarding  
Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding  
Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door.

It seems to me that you could not have more restful thoughts than these and other verses of the poem suggest, and they are good thoughts with which to leave you.





## A NEW GAME.

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

PERCY SAUNDERS had come up to Perryville to spend a week. He had been there just twelve hours, having come the night before, and he had already been classified and pigeonholed by the Goodrich twins, his country cousins, whom he was visiting. He could n't climb a tree; he could n't swim; he threw a ball like a girl; the delights of using a sling were unknown to him; and—he had to go to bed at half-past seven. As he was a year older than the twins, who were eight, this last stamped him as a molly-coddle.

After breakfast the three boys went out to the barn, where the twins ran up ladders and walked the narrow cross-beams thirty feet above the floor as unconcernedly as if they were on the ground.

Percy caught his breath. "Oh, I wish I could do that! I'd love to do all those things, but mama won't let me because it makes me dizzy."

"Oh, it's as easy as pie. See me fly." And Albert took a flying leap of fifteen feet into the hay, followed by his brother.

Then they compared muscles, and found that Percy's were "awfully flabby." Their own were like iron. But showing off soon palled on all three boys, and they began to wonder what they could play.

"I made up a game the other day," said Percy, in the slow, sober tones that had struck the twins as so curious. They chattered as fast and as shrilly as monkeys themselves, in spite of their mother's hourly protests.

"Did you?" said Albert.

"Out of your own head?" said Herbert.

"Oh, it's easy. I often make 'em up," said Percy, delighted to have made an impression on these athletic boys, who could do so many things which he could not, although he was so much older.

"Tell us how you play it," said the twins, together, eager for some novelty.

"Well, it's a kind of tag. I'll be it, and I'll start to run after you just the same as I would in tag." As he spoke, the twins, who had been lying in the hay, jumped to their feet and ran out of the barn. "Hold on," said Percy. "I must tell you something about it first. As I run after you I holler out a letter of the alphabet, like C, and then if you think of an animal whose name begins with C, and shout it, I can't tag you; but if you don't shout, then I tag you, and you're it, and must run after the others and holler out a letter. It must be some animal, or if you choose you can call out flowers. But it must be either animals or flowers or countries or fruits; you must n't mix 'em up in the same game. Now you start and I'll follow."

"I hope he says the same letter again, because I've got a tiptop animal all ready," said Herbert to Albert.

The boys had not run fifty feet before they found that, whatever else Percy could not do, he certainly could run. He was almost upon Herbert before he shouted, and then he yelled, "C!" as before.

Herbert waited until Percy reached out his hand to tag, and then he shouted, "Seal!"

"Tag!" said Percy, with a burst of laughter.

"That's no fair," said Herbert. "I said 'seal' before you touched me."

"But seal does n't begin with a C; it begins with an S," said Percy, soberly.

"How about sealing? Is n't that c-e-i-l-i-n-g?"

"The plaster one is, but hunting the animal is n't," said Percy, with authority.

"He's right, Bert," said Al, who had run up. "You're it fast enough."

"Very well," said Bert. "Ready!" And the two fled before him. He pursued Percy, who ran fleetly out into the road. After a long chase, Percy stubbed his toe and Herbert gained enough on him to call out, "G!"

"Gnu," yelled Percy. But, with a derisive laugh, Herbert closed on him and tagged him.

"I did n't say N; I said G."

"And I said gnu—g-n-u," said Percy, simply.

"Say, a fellow need n't ever get caught if he spells that way," said Bert, angrily.

"G-p-o-n-y, pony. That 's dead easy." But again Al came up and declared that Percy was right.

They played the game for over an hour.

Sometimes even Percy did not think fast enough or run fast enough to avoid being it, and after a while they gave variety to the game by changing to flowers; and there they rather got the best of Percy, who was not familiar

with as many varieties as the country boys were. Bert made many laughable mistakes in spelling, and Al gave "phlox" as an F flower.

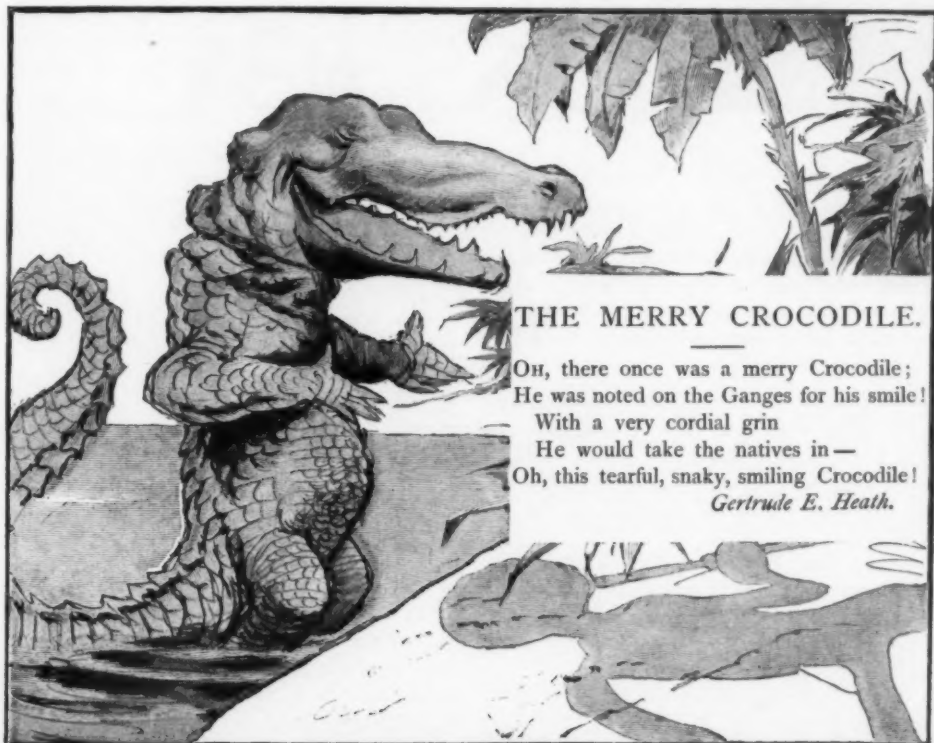
At last, when they grew tired of the sport, they all went up in the hay-loft together. The twins helped Percy up the ladder. They tumbled into the hay.

"You 're all right," said Al. "You can run fine, and that 's a great game."

"And you can spell 'out of sight,'" said Bert.

"I 'd rather be able to climb a tree like you fellows than spell any word I ever saw," said Percy, modestly.

"Come on out then and we 'll teach you," said the twins, in unison.



### THE MERRY CROCODILE.

Oh, there once was a merry Crocodile;  
He was noted on the Ganges for his smile!  
With a very cordial grin  
He would take the natives in—  
Oh, this tearful, snaky, smiling Crocodile!  
*Gertrude E. Heath.*

# THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.\*

BY HOWARD PYLE.



*Drawn by Howard Pyle.*

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE STORY OF SIR PERCIVAL.

HOW YOUNG PERCIVAL DWELT IN SOLITUDE ALL THE DAYS OF HIS CHILDHOOD — LIKEWISE HOW HE LEFT HIS MOTHER AND SET FORTH INTO THE WORLD TO SEEK HIS FATHER.

THE father of Sir Percival was that king named Pellinore, who, while he was known as the Black Knight, fought so terrible a battle with King Arthur that King Arthur nigh died of the hurt which he received in that encounter.

When King Pellinore had been hunted into the forest wilderness it was a very great hardship for that lady who was his wife; and, likewise, it was greatly to the peril of the young child Percival.

Now Percival was extraordinarily beautiful and his mother loved him above all her other sons, for he was like the apple of her eye to her. Wherefore, when she perceived into what

a pass their fortunes had come, she greatly feared lest the young child should die of hardships in the wilderness. Wherefore she spake to King Pellinore in this wise: "Sire, here is a very perplexing matter; for, though I would be altogether unwilling for to leave you in such times of danger and tribulation as these, yet is this small child too tender in his little body to endure such hardships as all of us are like to be called upon to suffer. And should thine enemies overtake thee in thy retreat, what ill might not befall this precious little one?"

Then King Pellinore considered this saying very seriously in his mind for a considerable time, and after a while he said: "Dear love, thou speakest with great wisdom and altogether to the point. For I am in no wise prepared for to defend you who are so dependent upon me. Wherefore, for a while I shall put you away from me, so that ye may remain in secret hiding until such time as the child is grown in years and stature to the estate of manhood and so may defend himself.

"Now of all my one-time possessions I have

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only two left to me. One of these is a lonely castle in this forest unto which I am now betaking my way, and the other is a solitary tower at a great distance from this and in a very lonely part of the world where there are many mountains. Unto that place I shall send you, for it will not be likely that mine enemies will ever find you there.

"So my will is this: that if this child groweth in that lonely place to manhood, and if he be weak in body or timid in spirit, thou shalt make of him a clerk of holy orders. But if when he groweth he shall prove to be strong and lusty of frame and high of spirit, and shall desire to undertake deeds of knighthood, then thou shalt not stay him from his desires, but shalt let him go forth into the world as he shall have a mind to do.

"Now if that time should come when he desireth to go thus into the world, behold! here is a ring set with a very precious ruby. Let him bring that ring to me wheresoever he may find me, and by that ring I shall know that he is my son and I will receive him with great gladness."

And King Pellinore's lady wife said: "It shall be done as thou dost ordain."

So it was that King Pellinore betook himself to that lonely castle where King Arthur found him and fought with him; and Percival's mother betook her way to that lonely place in the mountains of which King Pellinore had spoken—where was a single tower that reached up into the sky like unto a finger of stone.

There she abided with Percival for sixteen years, and in all that time Percival knew naught of the world nor of what sort it was, but was altogether wild and innocent like a little child.

Now Percival had a small Scots spear (which same is a sort of javelin), and he would play with this spear every day of his life, so that he grew so cunning in handling it that he could pierce with it a bird upon the wing in the air. And that was all the weapon he was acquainted with.

Nor did Percival ever see any one from the outer world, saving only an old man who was a deaf-mute. And this old man came and went betwixt that tower where Percival and his mother lived, and the outer world. And from the world he would come back with clothing

and provisions loaded upon an old sumpter-horse for Percival and his mother. Yet Percival marveled many times whence those things came, but no one told him, and so he lived in entire innocence of the world.

Now it chanced upon a time, when Percival was nineteen years of age, that he stood upon a pinnacle of rock and looked down into a certain valley. And it was very early in the spring-time, so that the valley appeared as it were carpeted all with clear, thin green. And a shining stream of water ran down through the midst of the valley, and it was a very fair and peaceful place. And as Percival gazed, lo, a knight rode up through that valley, and the sun shone out from behind a cloud of rain and smote upon his armor, so that it appeared to be all ablaze as with pure light. And Percival beheld that knight, and wist not what it was he saw. So after the knight had gone away from the valley, Percival went straightway to his mother, all filled with a great wonder, and he said: "Mother, mother! I have beheld a very wonderful thing." And she said: "What was it thou didst see?" And Percival said: "I beheld somewhat that was like a man, and he rode upon a horse, and he shone very brightly and with exceeding splendor. Now, I prithee, tell me what it was I saw."

Then Percival's mother knew very well what it was he had seen, and she was greatly troubled at heart that any one should have come into that solitude where she and Percival had dwelt together so peacefully for all those years. Wherefore she said to herself: "How is this? Shall my one lamb be taken away from me, and nothing left to me of all my flock?" So she dissembled and said to Percival: "My son, that which thou didst behold was doubtless an angel." And Percival said: "I would that I too were an angel!" And at that speech the lady his mother sighed very deeply.

Now when the next day had come, it chanced that Percival and his mother went down into the forest that lay at the foot of the mountain whereon that tower stood, and they had intent to gather such early flowers of the springtime as were then a-bloom. And whilst they were there, lo, there came five knights riding through the forest, and the leaves being thin like to a

mist of green, Percival perceived them a great way off. So he cried out in a loud voice: "Behold, mother! Yonder is a whole company of angels such as I saw yesterday! Now I will go and give them greeting."

But his mother said: "How now! How now! Wouldst thou make address unto angels?" And Percival said: "Yea; for they appear to be both mild of face and gentle of mien." So he went forward for to greet those knights.

Now the foremost of that party of knights was Sir Ewaine, who was always both gentle and courteous to everybody. Wherefore, when Sir Ewaine could see Percival nigh at hand, he gave him greeting and said, "Fair youth, what is thy name?" And Percival replied, "My name is Percival." And Sir Ewaine said: "That is a very good name, and thy face, likewise, is so extraordinarily comely that I take thee to be of some very high lineage. Now tell me, I prithee, who is thy father?" To the which Percival replied, "I cannot tell thee, for I do not know"; and at that Sir Ewaine marveled a very great deal. And after a little while he said, "I prithee tell me, didst thou see a knight pass this way to-day or yesterday?" To which Percival made reply, "I know not what sort of a thing is a knight." And Sir Ewaine said, "A knight is such a sort of man as I am."

Upon this Percival understood many things, and he willed with all his might to know more than those. Wherefore he said, "If thou wilt answer my questions, I will gladly answer thine." Upon this Sir Ewaine smiled very cheerfully, for he liked Percival exceedingly, and he said, "Ask what thou wilt, and I will answer thee in so far as I am able."

So Percival said, "I prithee tell me what is this thing?" And he laid his hand thereon. And Sir Ewaine said, "That is a saddle." And Percival said, "What is this thing?" And Sir Ewaine said, "That is a sword." And Percival said, "What is this thing?" And Sir Ewaine said, "That is a shield." And so Percival asked him concerning all things that appertained to the accoutrements of a knight, and Sir Ewaine answered all his questions. Then Percival said, "Now I will answer thy question: I saw a knight ride past this way yesterday, and he rode up yonder valley to the westward."

Upon this Sir Ewaine gave gramercy to Percival and saluted him, and so did the other knights, and then they rode their way. And after they had gone Percival returned to his mother, and he beheld that she sat exactly where he had left her, for she was in great anxiety because she perceived that Percival would not now stay with her very much longer. And when Percival came to where she sat, he said to her, "Mother, those were not angels, but very good and excellent knights." And upon this the lady his mother burst into a great passion of weeping, so that Percival stood before her all abashed, not knowing why she wept. So by and by he said, "Mother, why dost thou weep?" But she could not answer him for a while, and presently she said, "Let us return homeward." And so they walked in silence.

Now when they had come to the tower where they dwelt, the lady turned of a sudden unto Percival, and she said to him, "Percival, what is in thy heart?" And he said, "Mother, thou knowest very well what is there." And she said, "Is it that thou wouldst be a knight also?" And he said, "Thou sayst it." Whereupon she said, "Thou shalt have thy will; come with me."

So Percival's mother led him to the stable, and to where was that poor pack-horse that brought provisions to that place. And Percival's mother said, "This is a sorry horse, but I have no other for thee. Now let us make a saddle for him." So Percival and his mother twisted sundry cloths and wisps of hay, and made a sort of saddle thereof. And Percival's mother brought him a scrip with bread and cheese for his refreshment, and she hung it about his shoulder. And she brought him his javelin, which he took in his hand. And then she gave him the ring with that precious ruby jewel inset into it, and she said, "Take thou this, Percival, and put it upon thy finger, for it is a royal ring. Now when thou leavest me, go unto the court of King Arthur and make diligent inquiry for King Pellinore. And when thou hast found him show him that ring, and he will see that thou art made a very worthy knight; for, Percival, King Pellinore is thy father."

Then she gave Percival advice concerning



the duty of one who would make himself worthy of knighthood. And that advice was as follows:

"In thy journeyings thou art to observe these sundry things: When thou comest to a church or a shrine forget not thy devotions; and if thou hearest a cry of any one in trouble, hasten to lend thine aid — especially if it be a woman or a child who hath need of it; and if thou meetest a lady or a demoiselle, salute her in seemly fashion; and if thou have to do with a man, be both civil and courageous unto him; and if thou art anhungered or athirst and findest food and wine, eat and drink enough to satisfy thee, but no more; and if thou findest a treasure or a jewel of price, and canst obtain it without doing injustice unto others, take that thing for thine own, but give that which thou hast with equal freedom unto others. So by obeying these precepts thou shalt become worthy to be a true knight, and haply be also worthy of thy father, who was a true knight before thee."

And Percival said: "All these things will I remember and observe to do; and when I have got me power and fame and wealth, then will I straightway return thitherward and take thee away from this place, and thou shalt be like to a queen for all the glory that I shall bestow upon thee."

Upon this the lady his mother both laughed and wept; and thereupon Percival stooped and kissed her. Then he turned and left her, and he rode away down the mountain and into the forest, and she stood and gazed after him as long as she could see him. And she was very lonely after he had gone.

Now after Percival had ridden upon his way for a very long time, he came at last out of that part of the forest and unto a certain valley where were many osiers growing along beside a stream of water. And he gathered branches of the willow-trees, and peeled them and wove them very cunningly into the likeness of armor such as he had seen those knights to wear who had come into his forest. And when he had armed himself with wattled osiers he said unto himself, "Now am I accoutred as well as they." Whereupon he rode upon his way with a light-some heart enlarged with very joy.

And by and by he came out of the forest altogether, and unto a considerable village where were many houses thatched with straw. And Percival said to himself, "Ha, how great is the world! I knew not that there were so many people in the world."

Now when the folk of that place beheld what sort of saddle was upon the back of the pack-horse, and when they beheld what sort of armor it was that Percival wore, all woven of osier twigs, and when they beheld how that he was armed with a javelin and with no other weapon, they mocked and laughed at him and jeered him. But Percival understood not their mockery, whereupon he said, "Lo, how pleasant and how cheerful is the world! I knew not it was so merry a place." And so he laughed and nodded, and rode upon his way very happy.

Now in the declining of the afternoon he came to a certain pleasant glade, and there he beheld a very noble and stately pavilion. And that pavilion was all of yellow satin, so that it shone like to gold in the light of the declining sun.

Then Percival said to himself, "Verily this must be one of those churches concerning which my mother spake to me." So he descended from his horse and went to that pavilion and knelt down and said a prayer.

And when he had ended that prayer he arose and went into the pavilion, and lo! he beheld there a wonderfully beautiful young damsel of sixteen years of age (and this was the Lady Yvette the Fair), who sat in the pavilion upon a carved bench and upon a cushion of cloth of gold, and who bent over a frame of embroidery, which she was busy weaving in threads of silver and gold. And the hair of that demoiselle was as black as ebony and her cheeks were like rose-leaves for pinkness, and she wore a fillet of gold around her head and she was clad in raiment of sky-blue silk. And near by was a table spread with meats of divers sorts and garnished likewise with several wines, both white and red. And all the goblets were of silver and all the patens were of gold, and the table was spread with a napkin embroidered with threads of gold.

Now when Percival came into that pavilion, the damsel looked and beheld him with great

astonishment, and she said to herself, "That must either be a madman or a foolish jester who comes hither clad all in armor of wattled willow twigs." So she said to him, "Sirrah, what dost thou here?" But he said, "Lady, is this a church?" Whereupon she was angered, thinking that he had intended to make a jest, and she said, "Begone, fool; for if my father cometh and findeth thee here, he will whip thee beyond measure." Whereunto Percival replied, "I think he will not."

Then the demoiselle looked at Percival more narrowly, and she beheld how noble and beautiful was his countenance, and she said to herself, "This is no fool nor a jester, but who he is or what he is I know not."

So she said to Percival, "Whence comest thou?" And he said, "From the mountains and the wilderness." And then he said, "Lady, when I left my mother she told me that an I ever saw good food and drink, and was an-hungered, that I was to take what I needed. Now I will do so in this case." Whereupon he sat him down to that table and fell to with great appetite.

Then when that demoiselle beheld what he did she laughed in great measure, and clapped her hands together in sport. And she said, "If my father and brothers should return and find thee at this, they would slay thee and thou couldst not make thyself right with them." And Percival said, "Why would they do that, lady?" And she said, "Because that is their food and drink, and because my father is a king and my brothers are his sons." And Percival said, "Certes they would be uncourteous to begrudge food to an hungry man." And thereunto the damsel laughed again.

Now when Percival had eaten and drunk his fill he arose from where he sat. And he beheld that the damsel wore a very beautiful ring of carved gold set with a pearl of great price. So he said to her: "Lady, my mother told me that if I beheld a jewel or treasure, and desired it for my own, I was to take it if I could do so without offense to any one. Now I prithee give me that pearl upon thy finger, for I desire it a very great deal." And the maiden regarded Percival very strangely, and she beheld that he was comely beyond any man whom she had

ever seen, and that his countenance was very noble and exalted and yet exceedingly mild and gentle. And she said to him, "Why should I give thee my ring?" Whereunto he made reply, "Because thou art the most beautiful lady whom mine eyes ever beheld, and I find that I love thee with a wonderful passion."

Then that demoiselle smiled upon him and she said, "What is thy name?" And he said, "It is Percival." And she said, "That is a good name; who is thy father?" Whereunto he said, "That I cannot tell thee." And she said, "I think he must be some very noble and worthy knight." And Percival said, "He is all that."

Then the damsel said, "Thou mayst have my ring," and she gave it to him. And when Percival had placed it upon his finger he said: "My mother also told me that I should give freely of what is mine own; wherefore I do give thee this ring of mine in exchange for thine, and I do beseech thee to wear it until I have proved myself worthy of thy kindness. For I hope to win a very famous knighthood and great praise and renown, all of which shall be to thy great glory. I would fain come to thee another time in that wise instead of as I am at this present."

And that damsel said: "I know not what thou art or whence thou comest who should present thyself in such an extraordinary guise as thou art pleased to do; but certes thou must be of some very noble strain. Wherefore I do accept thee for my knight, and I believe that I shall sometime have great glory through thee."

Then Percival said: "Lady, my mother said to me that if I met a demoiselle I was to salute her with all civility. Now have I thy leave to salute thee?" And she said, "Thou hast my leave." So Percival took her by the hand and kissed her upon the cheek (for that was the only manner in which he knew how to salute a woman), and, lo! her face grew all red like to fire. Thereupon Percival quitted that pavilion and mounted his horse and rode away. And it seemed to him that the world was assuredly a very beautiful and wonderful place for to live in.

Yet he knew not what the world was really like, nor of what sort it was, nor how passing

wide; else had he not been so certainly assured that he would win him credit therein or that he could so easily find that young damsel again after he had thus parted from her.

That night Percival came to a part of the forest where were a many huts of folk who made their living by gathering fagots. And these people gave him harborage and shelter for the night, for they thought that he was some harmless madman who had wandered afar. And they told him many things he had never known before that time, so that it appeared to him that the world was very wonderful.

So he abided there for the night, and when the next morning had come he arose and bathed himself and went his way. And as he rode upon his poor starved horse he brake his fast with the bread and cheese that his mother had put into his wallet, and he was very glad at heart and rejoiced exceedingly in the wideness and the beauty of the world in which he found himself to be.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

HOW PERCIVAL CAME TO THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR, AND OF A CERTAIN ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL HIM AT THAT PLACE.

So Percival journeyed onward in that woodland, and he traveled for a long while ere he found a pathway that led him whither he desired to go.

For I must tell you that that was a very great wilderness, the forest being of such an extent and the ways thereof so entangled that it was very easy to be lost therein. But by and by Percival came out of those parts and into a certain open space of meadows where was a smooth and level lawn of grass, and it was a very pleasant spot.

Now it chanced at that time that King Arthur and sundry of his court had come into those parts of the forest a-hawking. But, the day being very warm, the queen had grown very weary thereof, and she had bade her attendants for to set up a pavilion for her whilst the king continued his sport. And the pavilion was in that open glade whereinto Percival

came a-riding when he came out from the forest.

So when Percival perceived that pavilion set up among the trees, likewise he saw that the pavilion was of rose-colored silk. Also he perceived that not far from him was a young page very gaily and richly clad.

Now when the page beheld Percival, and what a singular appearance he presented, he laughed beyond all measure; and Percival, not knowing that he laughed in mockery, laughed also and gave him a very cheerful greeting in return. Then Percival said to the page, "I prithee tell me, fair youth, whose is that pavilion yonder?" And the page said, "It belongeth to Queen Guinevere; for King Arthur is come hither into the forest with his court."

At this Percival made marvel and said, "Ha! by my faith, that is very strange. For I have come hither with no other purpose than to find King Arthur and his court."

Then the page laughed a very great deal and said, "Art thou, then, a jester?" And Percival said, "What sort of a thing is a jester?" And the page said, "Certes thou art a silly fool." And Percival said, "What is a fool?"

Upon this the page fell a-laughing as though he would never stint his mirth, so that Percival began to wax angry, for he said to himself, "These people laugh too much, and their mirth maketh me weary." So, without more ado, he descended from his horse with intent to enter the queen's pavilion.

Now when that page saw what Percival had a mind to do, he thrust in to prevent him, saying, "Thou shalt not go in!" Upon the which Percival made reply, "Ha! shall I not so?" And whereupon he smote the page such a buffet that the youth fell down without any motion, as though he had gone dead.

Then Percival straightway entered the queen's pavilion.

And the first thing he saw was a very beautiful lady surrounded by a court of ladies. And the one lady was eating a midday repast, whilst a page waited upon her for to serve her, bearing for her refreshment pure wine in a cup of entire gold. And he saw that a noble lord (and the lord was Sir Kay the Seneschal) stood in the midst of that beautiful rosy pavil-

ion directing the queen's repast; for Sir Kay of all the court had been left in charge of the queen and her ladies.

Now when Percival entered the tent Sir Kay looked up, and when he perceived what sort of a figure was there he frowned with great displeasure. "Ha!" he said, "what mad fool is this who cometh hitherward?"

Unto him Percival made reply, "Thou tall man, I prithee tell me which of these ladies present here is the queen?" And Sir Kay said, "What wouldst thou have with the queen?" Whereunto Percival said: "I have come hither for to lay my case before King Arthur; for I fain would obtain knighthood at his hands. Wherefore, King Arthur being absent, meseems it would befit me for to pay my court unto his queen."

And when the queen heard the words of Percival she laughed with great merriment. But Sir Kay was still very wroth, and he said: "Sirrah, thou certainly art some silly fool who hath come hither dressed all in armor of willow twigs and without arms or equipment of any sort save only a little Scots spear. Now this is the queen's court, and thou art not fit to be in here."

"Ha," said Percival, "it seems to me that thou art very foolish — thou tall man — to judge of me by my dress and equipment. For even though I wear such poor apparel as this, yet I may easily be thy superior both in birth and station."

Then Sir Kay was exceedingly wroth and would have made a very bitter answer to Percival, but at that moment something of another sort befell. For upon those words there suddenly entered the pavilion a certain very large and savage knight of an exceedingly terrible appearance, and his countenance was in appearance very furious in anger.

Now this knight was a certain one who dwelt like a wild man in those parts of the forest, and was a great enemy of King Arthur's, and sought to do him injury upon all occasions. So now he entered the queen's pavilion all in full armor, having his helmet upon his hip and his shield upon his shoulder, and his visage terribly warlike and ungentle.

The name of that knight was Sir Boinde-

gardus, and he was very well known to many people and was held in terror by all.

Now when Sir Kay beheld Sir Boindegardus enter the pavilion (he being clad only in a silken tunic of a green color and with scarlet hosen and velvet shoes, fit for the court of a lady) he fell silent, and wist not what to say, for he was suddenly afraid. Then Sir Boindegardus said, "Where is King Arthur?" And Sir Kay said, "He is hawking beyond here in the outskirts of the forest." And Sir Boindegardus said: "I am sorry for that, for I had thought to find him here at this time and to affront him before his entire court. But as he is not here, I may at least affront his queen." Thereupon he smote the elbow of the page who held the goblet for the queen, and the wine was splashed over the queen's hands and over her robe.

Upon this the queen shrieked with terror, and one of her maidens ran to her aid, and others came with napkins and wiped her hands and her apparel and gave her words of cheer.

Then Sir Kay said, "Ha! thou art a churlish knight to so affront a lady."

Whereunto Sir Boindegardus made reply, "An thou likest not my behavior, thou mayst follow me hence into a meadow a little distance from this to the eastward, where thou mayst avenge that affront upon my person."

Then Sir Kay knew not what to reply, for he wist that Sir Boindegardus was a very strong and terrible knight. Wherefore he said, "Thou seest that I am altogether without arms or armor." Whereupon Sir Boindegardus laughed in great scorn, and therewith he seized the golden goblet from the hands of the page, and went out from the pavilion and rode away with that precious chalice.

Then the queen fell a-weeping very sorely from fright and shame, and when young Percival beheld her tears he could not abide the sight thereof; wherefore he cried out aloud against Sir Kay, saying: "Thou tall man! that was very ill done of thee; for certes, with or without armor, thou shouldst have taken the quarrel of this lady upon thee. For my mother told me I should take upon me the defense of all such as needed defense, but she did not say that I was to wait for arms or armor to aid me to do what was right. Now, therefore, though



I know little of arms or of knighthood, yet will I take this quarrel upon me, and will do what I may to avenge this lady's affront, if I have her leave to do so."

And Queen Guinevere said, "Thou hast my leave, since Sir Kay does not choose to assume my quarrel."

Now there was a certain very beautiful young damsel of the court of the queen named Yelande, surnamed the "Dumb Maiden" because she was never known to speak with any knight of the court. For in all the year she had been at the court of the king she had spoken no word to any man, nor had she smiled upon any. Now this damsel, perceiving how comely and noble was the countenance of Percival, came to him and took him by the hand and smiled upon him very kindly. And she said to him: "Fair youth, thou hast a large and noble heart, and I feel very well assured that thou art of a sort altogether different from what thine appearance would lead one to suppose. Now I do affirm that thou shalt sometime become one of the greatest knights in all of the world."

Then Sir Kay was very angry with that damsel, and he said: "Truly thou art ill taught to remain for all this year in the court of King Arthur amid the perfect flower of chivalry, and yet not to have given to one of those noble and honorable knights a single word or a smile such as thou hast bestowed upon this boor." Whereupon, so speaking, he gave that damsel a box on the ear, so that she screamed out aloud with terror.

Upon this Percival came up very close to Sir Kay and he said: "Thou discourteous tall man! Now I tell thee, except that there are so many ladies present, and one of these a queen, I would have to do with thee in such a manner as I do not believe would be at all to thy liking. Now, first of all, I shall follow yonder uncivil knight and endeavor to avenge this noble queen for the affront he hath put upon her, and when I have done with him, then will I hope for the time to come when I shall have to do with thee for laying hands upon this beautiful lady who was so kind to me just now. For, in the fullness of time I will repay the foul blow thou gavest her, and that twentyfold."

Thereupon Percival straightway went out from that pavilion and mounted upon his sorry horse and rode away in the direction that Sir Boindegardus had taken with the golden goblet.

Now after a long time he came to another level meadow of grass, and there he beheld Sir Boindegardus making parade in great state, with the golden goblet hanging to the horn of his saddle. And Sir Boindegardus wore his helmet, and carried his spear in his right hand and his shield upon his left arm, and was in all ways prepared for an encounter at arms. And when he perceived Percival coming to that part of the meadow he rode toward him very proudly. And when he had come nigh to Percival Sir Boindegardus said, "Whence comest thou, fool?" And Percival replied, "I come from Queen Guinevere her pavilion." And Sir Boindegardus said, "Does that knight who was there follow me hitherward?" Unto which Percival made reply, "Nay; but I have followed thee with intent to punish thee for the affront which thou didst put upon Queen Guinevere."

Then was Sir Boindegardus very wroth and he said, "Thou fool! I have a very good intention for to slay thee." Therewith he raised his spear and smote Percival with it upon the back of the neck so terrific a blow that he was flung violently down from off his horse. Upon this Percival was so angry that the sky all became like scarlet before his eyes. So when he had recovered from the blow he ran unto Sir Boindegardus and caught the spear in his hands and wrestled with such terrible strength that he plucked it away from Sir Boindegardus. And thus having made himself master of that spear, he brake it across his knee and flung it away.

Then was Sir Boindegardus in prodigious rage, whereupon he drew his bright shining sword with intent to slay Percival. But when Percival saw what he would be at, he caught up his javelin, and, running to a little distance away, he turned and threw it at Sir Boindegardus with so cunning an aim that the point of the javelin entered the helmet of Sir Boindegardus and fairly pierced through the eye and the brain and came out of the back of the



head; so Sir Boidegardus fell down from his horse, all of a heap upon the ground.

Then Percival ran to him and stooped over him and perceived that he was dead. And Percival said: "Well, it would seem that I have put an end to a knight terribly discourteous to ladies."

Now a little after Percival had quitted the pavilion of Queen Guinevere, King Arthur and eleven noble knights of his court returned thither from his hawking. And when the king heard what had befallen, he felt great displeasure toward Sir Kay, and he said: "Not only hast thou been very discourteous in not assuming this quarrel of the queen's, but I believe that thou, a well-approved knight, in thy haste sent this youth upon an adventure in which he will be subject to such great danger that it may very well be that he shall hardly escape with his life. Now I myself will immediately follow him for to see what hath befallen him, and I will take with me three other knights, and those three shall be Sir Pellinore and Sir Gawaine and Sir Griflet."

So those four mounted straightway upon their horse and rode whither Percival had betaken his way.

So after a considerable time they came to that meadow-land where Percival had found Sir Boidegardus. And when they had come

to that place they perceived a very strange sight. For they beheld one clad all in an armor of wattled willow twigs, and that one dragged the figure of an armed knight hither and thither upon the ground. So they four rode up to

## **S**ir Percival of Gales



*Drawn by Howard Pyle.*

where that thing was toward, and when they had come nigh enough King Arthur said: "Ha, fair youth! by the splendor of Paradise, thou art doing a very strange thing. What art thou about?"

And Percival said: "Sire, I would get those plates of armor off of this knight, and indeed I know not how that I may do it."

Then King Arthur said: "How came this knight by his death?"

And Percival made reply: "Sire, this knight had greatly insulted Queen Guinevere (that beautiful lady), and when I followed him hither with intent to take her quarrel upon me, he struck me with his spear. And when I took his spear away from him and brake it across my knee, he drew his sword and would have slain me, only that I slew him instead."

Then King Arthur was filled with amazement, and he said, "Is not that knight Sir Boinegardus?" And Percival said, "Ay." Then King Arthur said, "Ha! then thou hast slain one of the strongest and most terrible knights in all the world. And this one was my bitter enemy."

Then Percival looked upon King Arthur's face, and he beheld how noble and exalted it was, and how that his countenance was different from the countenance of the other men, being very serene and steadfast, whereupon he began to suspect a great many things. So he said, "My lord, who art thou?" And King Arthur made reply, "My name is Arthur, and I am the king of all this realm."

Then, when Percival heard this, he knelt down upon the ground and set his palms together and he said, "Sire, I have come a great way hither with intent to obtain such a boon as thou mayst bestow upon me." And King Arthur said, "What is it thou wouldst have?" And Percival replied, "I would beseech of thee to make me a knight."

Unto this King Arthur said, "How may I refuse thee such a boon, seeing that thou hast so well avenged that insult offered to my queen, and that thou hast destroyed this bitter enemy of mine and so cruel and evil-doing a knight to boot?" And he said, "What is thy name?" And Percival said, "It is Percival."

Upon this King Arthur drew his sword and smote Percival with the flat thereof upon the shoulder and he said, "Arise, Sir Percival!" And then he said to him, "I pray God that you who are young may, by worthy deed, achieve even as great an honor as that. Amen."

And Sir Percival arose and stood up. And thus was he made a knight by accolade at the hands of his father's good friend King Arthur.

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Now when this great matter had been accomplished, King Pellinore came and stood nigh to Sir Percival and gazed upon him. And he loved him with an exceeding great ardor, and he said: "I knew one whose name was Percival, and he should be by now such as thou art. And that Percival is my son, for my name is Pellinore and I am a king. Now, for love of that other Percival, I will show thee how to remove the armor from this dead man, and I will help thee to put it upon thy body; and then, with my lord's permission, I will ride with thee for some ways with intent to instruct thee concerning the requirements of chivalry."

And King Arthur said, "Thou hast my consent."

Now when Percival was aware that the noble knight who spake to him was his own father, his heart went out toward him in such great measure that it seemed to him that it would burst because of the passion of love that expanded it. But he contained himself, for he said in his heart, "As yet I could be naught but a burden to my father; but after I have won both glory and renown in my knighthood, then I will claim his love." So he said naught, but he gazed upon his father with great ardor of love.

Then Sir Pellinore undid Sir Boinegardus his armor and he clad Sir Percival therein, and when he had done so he aided Sir Percival to mount upon the horse of Sir Boinegardus. Then King Arthur and Sir Gawaine and Sir Griflet bade adieu to those two and straightway departed unto the king's court. And Sir Percival and Sir Pellinore rode upon their way toward the northward.

And as they thus rode upon that pass King Pellinore explained to Sir Percival all the mysteries of chivalry: how he should conduct himself upon all occasions as became a right knight, and how he should bear himself to enter combat, whether it were with the lance or with the sword.

But, indeed, Sir Pellinore wist not that he was teaching his own son in those things that were to make that young knight the crowning glory of his house.

And Sir Percival harkened unto his father, and he loved him with such ardor that it was

with much ado that he stayed his tears, because of pure love. But he said naught aloud, but only avowed to himself: "If God gives me grace and mercy I will do credit unto thy teachings, O my father!"

Thus it was that Percival was made knight, and so was he instructed in the mysteries of chivalry by his own father, who knew him not.

#### CHAPTER XV.

HOW SIR PERCIVAL MET TWO STRANGE PEOPLE IN THE FOREST, HOW HE RELEASED AN IMPRISONED KNIGHT, AND HOW HE OVERCAME THE ENCHANTRESS VIVIAN.

Now after Sir Percival and Sir Pellinore had traveled a great way, they came at last out of that forest and to an open country where was a well tilled land and a wide, smooth river flowing down a level plain.

And in the center of the plain was a town of considerable size, and a very large castle with several tall towers and many roofs and chimneys stood overlooking the town; and the town and the castle were called Cardigan. And the town was of great consideration, being very well famed for its dyed woolen fabrics.

So Sir Percival and Sir Pellinore entered the town. And they went up the street until they came to the castle of Cardigan and there demanded admission. And when the name and the estate of Sir Pellinore were declared, the porter opened the gate with great joy and they entered. Then, by and by, the lord and the lady of the castle came down from a carved wooden gallery and bade them welcome by word of mouth. And immediately sundry attendants appeared and assisted them to dismount and took their horses to the stable, and sundry other attendants conducted them to certain apartments, where they were eased of their armor and bathed in baths of tepid water and given soft raiment for to wear. And after that the lord and the lady entertained them with a great feast.

So these two knights and the lord and the lady of the castle ate together and discoursed very pleasantly together for a while. Now when the night was pretty well gone the two knights were conducted to a certain very noble apart-

ment where beds of down, spread with flame-colored cloth, had been arranged for their repose.

Now when the next morning had come, Sir Percival arose very early and looked out of the window, and perceived that the day was wonderfully bright and clear, wherefore he was possessed with a great desire to be away.

Then he looked upon Sir Pellinore, and he beheld that his father was still infolded in a deep sleep as in a soft mantle. And he said to himself: "I will not awaken my father, but I will get me away whilst he sleeps. But when I have earned me great glory, then will I return unto him and will lay all that I have achieved at his feet, so that he shalt be very glad to acknowledge me for his son." So saying to himself, he went away from that place very softly, and King Pellinore slept so deeply that he wist not that Sir Percival was gone.

Then Sir Percival went to the courtyard of the castle and he bade certain attendants to prepare his horse for him, and they did so. And he bade certain others for to arm him, and they did so. And leaving a message of love and reverence to the lord and lady of that place, and to make his apologies for going away without bespeaking them, Sir Percival took his departure from that castle.

So Sir Percival journeyed for a considerable distance, and the day was very bright and warm, and he was anhungered and athirst. And by and by he came to a certain road that appeared to him to be good for his purposes, and he took it and went by that way in great hopes that some adventure would befall him or else that he would find food and drink.

Now, after a while, he heard voices before him in the forest, and turning whence those voices came, he presently came to a little open lawn, very warm and bright, where there sat a considerable party upon the grass, refreshing themselves with food. And those folk were pilgrims to Glastonbury. And when these pilgrims beheld the young knight, they besought him that he would come and eat with them, and he did so very gladly.

So after Sir Percival had eaten to his great refreshment, and when he had satisfied both his hunger and his thirst, he said, "Messires and ladies, do any of ye know of an adventure here-

abouts such as might be worthy for a young errant knight to undertake who hath a spirit to engage his person in some perilous enterprise?"

To this there made reply a very rich, worthy mercer of Carleon; and he said: "Sir Knight, there is a certain part of the woodland yonderway that is sometimes called Arroy and sometimes the Forest of Adventure. For it is said that no knight may enter there but he shall find adventure that shall try his powers to the uttermost. Now, if thou wilt go thither, haply it shall befall thee as it hath befallen many others of thy sort."

And Percival said, "Friend, I give thee gramercy for thy information, and I will presently betake my way to that forest." So, when he had broken his fast, and when he had diligently inquired his way to Arroy, he mounted upon his horse, and having bidden adieu to that company, he rode his way in quest of such adventure as might befall him.

So by and by Sir Percival came to a forest land, and he rode the paths of that woodland for a long time without meeting any one. But very soon he heard of a sudden the sound of voices talking together, and presently thereafter he perceived through the thin trees that grew there a knight with a lady. And the knight rode upon a great white horse, and the lady rode upon a red roan palfrey.

As Percival drew nigh to these two he perceived that they were of a very singular appearance; for both of them were clad altogether in green, and both of them wore about their necks very wonderful collars of wrought gold inset with opal stones and emeralds. And the face of each was like clear wax for whiteness; and the eyes of each were very bright, like jewels set in ivory. And these two neither laughed nor frowned, but only smiled continually.

(Now this was the first time that Sir Pellias was beheld by any of those knights of King Arthur since that time when he had bid adieu to Sir Gawaine and had ridden away from Sir Gawaine into the enchanted lake.)

So when Sir Percival beheld these two, he dismounted very quickly from his horse and stood before them, and they looked upon him with great amity. Then the lady said to him, "What dost thou in these parts, messire?"

To her Sir Percival made reply: "Lady, being a very young knight and one of King Arthur's own making, I am in search of adventure whereby to approve myself worthy of that extraordinary honor."

Upon this the lady said: "If so be thy desire is of that sort, I may, perchance, be able to bring thee unto an adventure that may suit thee very well. Go a little distance from this upon the way thou art following, and at a certain place thou wilt behold a bird whose feathers shall shine like to gold for brightness. Follow that bird and it shall bring thee to a place where thou shalt find a knight in sore need of thy aid."

And Percival said, "I will do as thou dost advise."

Then the lady said, "Wait a little; I have something for thee." Therewith she took from her neck a small golden amulet pendent from a silken cord, very fine and thin. And she said, "Wear this, for it will protect thee from all evil enchantments." Therewith saying, she hung the amulet about the neck of Sir Percival, and Sir Percival gave her thanks beyond all measure for it.

Then the knight and the lady saluted him, and he saluted them, and they each went their separate ways with cheerful heart.

So, after Sir Percival had traveled that path for some distance as the lady had advised him to do, he beheld the bird of which she had spoken; and he saw that the plumage of the bird glistened as though it were of gold. And as he drew nigh the bird flew a little distance down the path and then lit upon the ground, and he followed it. And when he had come nigh to it again it flew a distance farther, and still he followed it. So it flew and he followed for a very great way until, by and by, the forest grew thin, and Sir Percival beheld that there was an open country lying beyond the skirts. And when the bird had brought him thus far it flew back into the forest again whence it had come, chirping very keen and shrill as it flew.

So Sir Percival came out of the forest into the open country, the like of which he had not before seen. And he lifted up his eyes, and, behold! he saw a thing that filled him with great wonder. For before him was a castle of a very

wonderful appearance; for in some parts it was the color of ultramarine and in other parts it was of crimson, and the ultramarine and the crimson were embellished with very extraordinary devices painted in gold, so that the castle shone like a bright rainbow against the sky. And Percival sat his horse for some while and marveled very greatly at that castle.

And by and by he perceived that the road that led to the castle crossed a bridge of stone. And when he looked at the bridge he discerned that midway upon it was a pillar of stone, and that a knight, clad all in full armor, stood chained with iron chains to that stone pillar. And this knight made moan in great measure, bewailing his hard fate that had brought him to that pass. And when Sir Percival perceived this woeful sight, he rode up to where the knight was and he said, "Sir, this is a very sad condition that thou art in."

Unto this the knight said, "Yea, and I would that thou couldst aid me, for I have stood here now for three days and I am in great torment of mind and body."

And Sir Percival said, "Mayhap I can aid thee"; and thereupon he came down from off his horse's back and approached the knight. And he drew his sword so that it flashed in the sun very brightly.

Upon this the knight said, "Messire, what would ye be at?" Whereunto Sir Percival made reply, "I would cut the chains that bind thee."

To this the knight said, "How could you do that? For who could cut through such chains of iron as these?"

To the which Sir Percival replied, "I would try what I may do."

Thereupon he lifted up his sword and smote so terribly powerful a blow that the like of it had hardly ever been seen before. And the blow cut through the iron chains, and smote the hauberk of the knight, so that it hurt him a very great deal, for straightway upon that blow the knight fell down, altogether deprived of breath.

And when Sir Percival saw the knight fall down in that wise, he cried out: "Woe is me! Have I, then, slain this good, gentle knight when I would but do him service?" Thereupon he

lifted the knight upon his knee and eased the armor about his throat. So by and by the breath came back to the knight again, and he said, "By my faith, that was the most wonderful stroke that ever I beheld any man strike in all my life."

So when the knight had sufficiently recovered, Sir Percival helped him to stand upon his feet; and when he stood thus his strength presently came back to him again in great measure. And he was athirst and craved very vehemently to drink. So Sir Percival helped the knight to descend a narrow path that led downward to a stream of water that flowed beneath the bridge; and there the whilom captive knight stooped and slaked his thirst. And when he had drunk his fill his strength came altogether back to him again, and he said: "Messire, I have to give thee all thanks that it is possible for me to do, for hadst thou not come unto mine aid I had else perished very miserably at no very distant time from this."

Then Sir Percival said, "I beseech thee to tell me how thou didst come into that sad plight in which I found thee."

To this the knight said: "I will tell thee. It was thus: Two days ago I came thitherward and passed yonder castle, and with me were two excellent esquires — for I am a knight of royal blood. Now as we went past that castle there came forth a lady clad all in red and so exceedingly beautiful that she entirely enchanted my heart. And with this lady there came a number of esquires and pages, all of them very beautiful of face and all clad, as she was, in red. Now when this lady had come nigh to me she spake me very fair and tempted me with kind words, so that I thought I had never fallen upon any one so courteous as she. But when she had come close to me she smote me of a sudden across the shoulders with an ebony staff that she carried in her hand, and at the same time she cried out certain words that I remember not. For immediately a great darkness like to a deep swoon fell upon me, and I knew nothing. And when I awakened from that swoon, lo! I found myself here, chained fast to this stone pillar. And hadst thou not come hither I would certainly have died in my torment. And as to what has become of my



esquires, I know not; but as for that lady, methinks she can be none other than a certain enchantress named Vivien, who hath wrought such powerful spells upon Merlin as to have removed him from the eyes of all mankind."

cival, but I may not tell thee my father's name, being avowed to secrecy upon that point. But by and by thou mayst know entirely who I am when the time shall have come for me to declare myself. But now I have somewhat to do,

## **S**ir Percival & Sir Pellinore ride together.



*Drawn by Howard Pyle.*

Unto all this Sir Percival listened in great wonder, and when the knight had ended his tale he said, "What is thy name?" And the knight said: "My name is Percydes, and I am the son of King Pecheur — so called because he is the king of all the fisher-folk who dwell upon the west coast. And now I prithee tell me also thy name and condition, for I find I love thee a very great deal."

And Sir Percival said: "My name is Per-

and it is to deal with this Lady Vivien as she shall deserve."

But Sir Percydes said, "Go not near to that sorceress, else she will do some great harm upon thee with her potent spells, as she did to me."

But Sir Percival said, "Nay; stay me not, for I will go to her, having no fear of her."

And now ye shall hear how it befell when that enchantress and Sir Percival met together, and how it fared with that young knight.

*(To be continued.)*

## A NOVEL FISHING FEAT.

BY EVERETT FOSTER.

To catch a trout, and, without moving from the spot, to boil it while it is still hanging on the hook, and all this without a fire or a kettle, sounds like a fairy tale; but it has often been done, and the writer was once the witness of this interesting performance.

First let me say that probably there is only

stationed there to see that no one shoots or in any way molests the game and other wild animals within its boundaries, as well as to prevent vandalism of any sort.

A line of four-horse coaches make a tour of the park every day during the season, the trip occupying five days. On our third day



"HE SLOWLY SWUNG HIS POLE AND LINE AS IF THEY HAD BEEN A MINIATURE DERRICK, AND GENTLY LOWERED THE FISH INTO THE SEETHING NATURAL CALDRON." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

one place in the whole world where this can be done — namely, at a certain spot in the great Yellowstone Park. This park, as many of the ST. NICHOLAS readers know, is a large forest and game preserve, a little larger than the State of Rhode Island, located mainly in Wyoming, but partly in Montana and Idaho. It belongs to the United States government, and a detachment of soldiers, mounted and unmounted, is

out we made our regular stop for luncheon, this time at the head of Yellowstone Lake. After viewing the wonderful "paint-pots," as they are called, but which are nothing but innumerable holes filled with soft, boiling hot clay of different colors, bubbling up like huge masses of thick Indian mush in a kettle, we sauntered off to the edge of the lake a few feet distant. Here we came to the spot where

we had heard the wonderful trick had been performed. Archie, the youngest of our party, a lad of thirteen, had brought his trout-rod along, for, while shooting game is prohibited, the government has no objection to fishing. It was high: noon, the day was sunny, and just at this place the shore was absolutely destitute of trees or shade of any kind. The surface of the water was like glass, and altogether the conditions were anything but favorable for catching trout. However, Archie was not to be deterred from trying. Fixing a gaudily colored fly to his line, he walked up to the place and made a cast.

Now an exceedingly unusual combination of natural features makes this little spot, scarcely three yards square, unique in all the world. In the first place, the lake contains trout that may be caught in the shallow water near its edge; then, and most wonderful of all, a small boiling spring, or quiescent geyser, happens to be located at the very shore of the lake. In the early spring, when the waters of the lake are very high, this cone is wholly submerged. As the water gets lower, the cone may be seen boiling furiously; and at long intervals the lake gets so low that the waters recede, leaving the cone, like a tiny peninsula, attached to the shore.

The boiling water, supplied from unfathomable depths, has, of course, no connection with the lake, although the flat rock cone inclosing its basin shelves gradually below the surface of the larger body of water, as will be seen from the picture.

It was on this flat, shelving rock that Archie stood when he cast his fly. We smiled at the young man's hopefulness, which I am afraid none of us shared, for we sauntered off to look at more of the "paint-pots" close by.

In a few minutes we heard him shout,—a bad thing, to be sure, for a trout fisherman to do,—and running back, we found him, in his eagerness, ankle-deep in the water, with his line seeing the surface of the lake. After a lot of reeling in and letting out of the line, Archie proudly raised his pole, showing a very respectable half-pound trout hanging from the hook.

Elated at having successfully accomplished the first stage of the performance,—the part, indeed, in which we had little idea he would succeed,—Archie conscientiously set about to

complete the program. He was now all excitement, but he never for a moment forgot to "play fair." With his feet still under water, and without moving except to turn his body, he slowly swung his pole and line as if they had been a miniature derrick, and gently lowered the fish into the seething natural caldron but a few feet away.

"Three cheers for Izaak Walton!" some one shouted. "Now for a trout cooked while you wait."

But we were to be disappointed. Within a minute the trout had slipped off and slowly sunk out of sight. It was at once clear that it had become so quickly cooked that the flesh fell apart, leaving only the head.

"Well, I've done the stunt, anyhow," said Archie, triumphantly. "The trout was cooked all right, and that's all the rules call for. But, jingo! I wish we could have eaten him. I've a mind to try again."

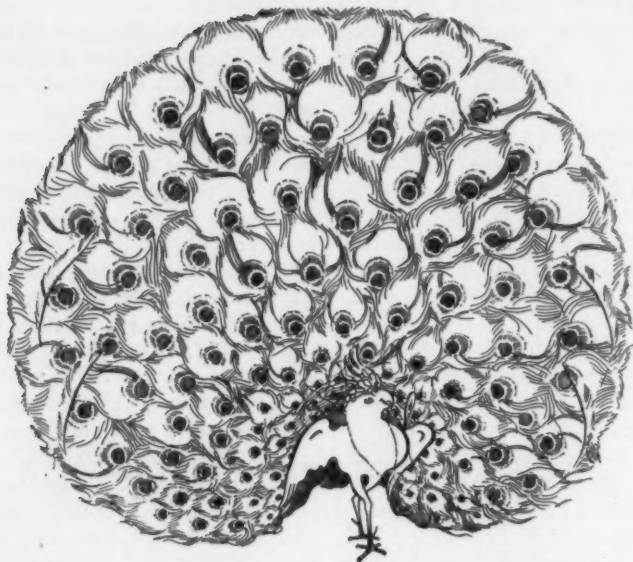
So once more he cast his fly, and again, to our astonishment, he brought in a trout—if anything, a little bigger than the first. To prevent a repetition of the former accident, he wrapped an extra trout-line about the body of the fish, around and around, every once in a while taking a turn over the hook. Then he lowered it into the spring; and in less than two minutes it was thoroughly cooked. We could not understand why it was cooked so much more quickly than it would have been in a pot at home; we afterward suspected it was because there was so much of the hot water that the fish had no effect in cooling it. At any rate, we all tasted it to please Archie, and pronounced it excellent—all agreeing, however, that considerably less salt in the water would have made it superb.

One of the party was disposed to object to what he called the cruelty of the thing; but we reminded him that live crabs and lobsters are thrown into boiling hot water to be cooked; while Archie suggested that as the fish was killed at the first plunge, it was more humane than the usual plan of letting it die slowly at the bottom of a boat. And I rather think he was right.

Well, so that is a true story of a fishing feat that can be done nowhere else in the world, but which any boy or girl who happens to be in the Yellowstone Park can do, *if*, by good luck, the trout happen to be biting that day.

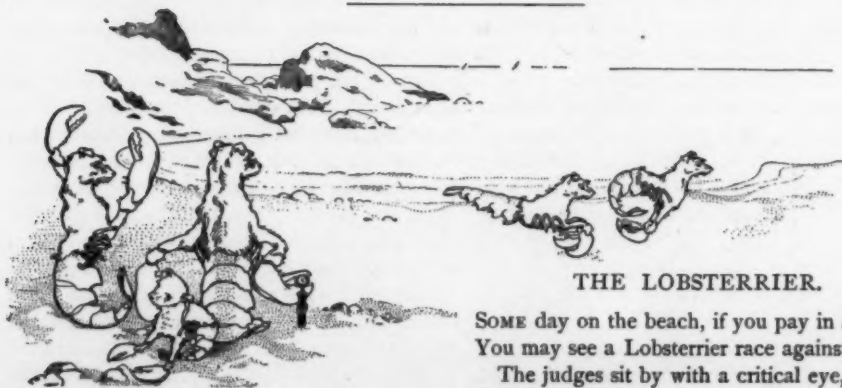
## UNNATURAL HISTORY.

BY ALICE BROWN.



### THE PEACOCKATOO.

THIS Peacockatoo, with tail like a screen,  
On viewing himself with magnificent mien,  
Considers his glass—a small one, alas!—  
On reflection, the finest he ever has seen.



### THE LOBSTERRIER.

SOME day on the beach, if you pay in a dime,  
You may see a Lobsterrier race against time.  
The judges sit by with a critical eye,  
And a confidence verging upon the sublime.

## WITH THE BIRDS IN AUTUMN.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

I KNOW several bright girls who are greatly taken with the idea of knowing more of out-of-door affairs.

"But," they say, "what can girls *do*? We are not allowed to ramble about and shoot



WATCHING THE BIRDS.

a gun, climb trees after nests, push into wet marshes, or scramble up the brambly hillside, for fear of our dresses and our dignity." Well, in my opinion, a girl can "do" a great deal, in spite of these obstacles, provided she have interest enough in the matter to think no pains too great to gain her knowledge. But enthusiasm alone is not quite enough; she must have sharp eyes, and a habit of using them.

The eye should become accustomed not only to see what is before it, but to see it quickly, see all there is to be seen, and instantly detect anything that is novel or peculiar. This, of course, is partly a matter of memory, and cannot be acquired all at once. But if a girl or boy makes it a point to look sharply at the birds, animals, and plants, the weather, the way the shadows fall on the landscape, and the thousand everchanging facts of nature, the practice will soon cease to be an effort of attention, and will become an unconscious and most valuable part of one's self.

The foundation of success lies in ability for quiet and patience. Living things are shy and apprehensive, and their ways of life must be learned slowly, by seizing every little opportunity and patiently waiting for the animal to overcome its fear and exhibit its natural manners.

I know a gentleman who sat motionless in the top of a most uncomfortable tree, for four or five hours a day, during a week, where he could overlook the nest of a wood-duck. This duck differs from most others of its tribe, by making its home high up in a hollow tree. What the gentleman wanted to know was how the young got down to the water. Finally he saw them carried down, one by one, on the mother's shoulders, who, as soon as she struck the water, dove, and left the young one sitting on the surface. Often, however, they jump down themselves.

Patience, nevertheless, will bring you little unless you teach yourself to remain perfectly quiet. The small denizens of the woods are easily frightened. You never know, when you are in the fields or woods, what moment you may come upon something that you are exceedingly anxious to see. It would be doubly disappointing in such a case to find you had frightened the animal, or disturbed an action that in a whole season you might not have the chance to witness again. Tread stealthily



then, keep your voice low, and insist that your companions do likewise—unless, indeed, like myself, you prefer to go alone. A very great aid in these walks, too, is a good opera-glass.

You surely need a note-book and pencil, and the resolution to use them persistently; for memory is treacherous, mixes things, and may easily be overfilled. Moreover, you will find these notes, full of sunshine and woodsy flavor, very pungent reading in chill November, recalling better than by any other means the fragrant and ever-charming days of warmth and verdure when they were written down.

Books of reference need not be many or expensive, and one can do much without any. You need no book in order to discipline your eyes rightly to see and your ears in hearing promptly and surely what movements and melodies are going on in the grove; and you can label the different birds with the farm-boys' names, or invent your own. Don't wait, then, until a library is bought before beginning to notice and jot down facts. This requires no preparation whatever, only the will to do it. By and by, when your books come, and you discover under the technical names of classification one after another of your acquaintances, you will also delightedly find that you have picked up nearly as much information about many of them as the book has to tell you, or perhaps more. Then how eagerly you will read and how sharply you will criticize the author's pages!

Let me pause for a moment, just here, to say why I choose to speak of these matters in September, when the "bird year" is waning. The autumn is a good time to begin the study for several reasons. Birds then are fewer in number, since the migratory species are absent, and those which remain, or have come from the far North, are less shy and seclusive, often come close to the house, or may be attracted there, and can more easily be seen than when flitting among the dense foliage of summer. Seek some bushy hillside sheltered from the north winds and open to the southern sunshine, and you will probably find it the regular home of a company of birds which stay there from October to March, and whose acquaintance may

easily be made. An old orchard is another excellent field for study at this season.

I shall suppose in this article that you do not shoot at all, and hence must learn the names as well as the habits of birds without taking them into your hands for examination. If you can get access to a collection of stuffed skins, you will find it a great advantage. There are several sorts of trap, moreover, which may be used to capture the birds without harming them. After you have identified your captives and fixed their plumage in your mind, so that you will know them when you see them again, you can let them go. One of the Boston men who has written a great deal on this subject used to keep a figure-four trap on his lawn all the time, with the string within reach of his hand as he sat at work near his library window. Sometimes he captured birds worth having, and had much amusement, at any rate. Another way to capture the birds is by photography; but this beautiful method can hardly be called a means of study to a beginner, for a person must be both a well-informed ornithologist and a good photographer to achieve much in the way of results. Still, it is well worth trying.

When I began to watch the birds, no book that I could get could be carried into the fields, on account of its size and weight; but now several hand-books may be had, all good and helpful, especially Chapman's "Manual." Take such a book with you as you would your Botany, and when you see a bird try to discover its name by the printed "key" and description. Otherwise you must jot down in your note-book the colors and pattern of the coat, making a little sketch of the head, perhaps, in addition, and then hunt it out when you get home. After you have tried this a few times with the aid of an opera-glass, you will understand how important it is to make the memoranda very full. Don't trust to memory here; and verify each identification very carefully, for there are some puzzling resemblances between birds really very different. Of course this is far slower and less accurate work than simply to shoot a specimen and then examine it at your leisure; but progress is possible nevertheless. I had learned a great deal about the habits of birds long before I had either gun or text-book.

Having learned thoroughly the fifteen or twenty kinds there to be found during the cooler months, you will find far less bewildering the larger population of these same places when spring brings back again its crowd of migrants. Moreover, in winter you have more time to do the necessary reading and thinking!

Just here, perhaps, a pleasant voice interrupts me to say that while some farmers' daughters may easily go about woodland and meadows, a large number of maidens live in towns and cities. Is there nothing for them? Plenty: it is for them, no less than for the girls who live in the suburbs or country, that I am writing. A friend of mine, who has kept careful watch, reports that nearly every wild land-bird of New England has been seen by him within three or four years on Boston Common. Some very rare birds show themselves now and then to observant eyes in Central Park, New York, and in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

Only a few days of turning your attention to this subject will have passed ere you will find yourself interested in a dozen points of ornithology. First you will be anxious to know how many different species of birds you are able to detect in your locality, and what proportion of them reside there the year round; what part remain through the summer, and rear their young, what ones come only in winter, and how many simply pass through in the spring and again in the fall. If your district be a favorable one in the Eastern or Middle States, you will find the number of different kinds entered on your catalogue at the end of the year surprisingly large.

And now I wish to point out to you a few ways in which a girl may not only find amusement and mental training, but do a real service to science.

In many respects the habits of our most common songsters are misunderstood, or not known at all. For example, it is only beginning to be known what food the bluebird chooses and what it rejects. No bird is more familiar, abundant, or easily studied than this; and if sharp-eyed girls had been watching the bluebirds all over the country for the last five years,

and writing down every different sort of insect they saw them eat, and the kinds they always passed by without touching, we should have known long ago more than we do now. There is many another species to exercise your scrutiny on, however; for instance, the pert red-headed, early-and-late, tra-la-la-ing little chippy, or hair-bird. "But," you say, "this requires us to know something about insects and plants, in order to distinguish them!" Exactly; and it is one of the grand things of ornithology, or of any other branch of the study of nature, that it draws into its train, as a swift current sucks along the water and drift beside it, all the rest of natural history.

Then there is the domestic life of our garden birds. I should expect to learn no end of novel and interesting facts from talking with a bright girl who has been diligently studying the home life of the dozen or so sorts of birds living in her village garden. Here are some of the questions you might try to answer about the proceedings of the family of indigo-birds in the waxberry-bush under your sitting-room window: Did the pair search long for a nesting-site before deciding on this bush, or did they seem to settle anywhere without consideration? Did both work at building the nest, or only one, and which one, and was the work of each of a separate character? What were the materials? Where did they get them? Were any rejected after they had been brought, apparently because unsuitable? Did one ever seem to call on the other for help in a difficulty? Did they work steadily or at intervals? Was the nest different in shape or materials from any other nest of the same bird you ever saw or heard described? How long did it require to complete the nest? How long afterward was the first egg laid? How long did the mother bird sit? Upon what did she feed her young, and what did she seem to do toward training them? These are some of the questions I should ask, and I assure you that careful answers for the most common bird would not only give you entertainment in the getting, but you would find you were making a real contribution to science.

Try it, and see if I am not right!

## THE SPORTS OF NEGRO CHILDREN.

BY TIMOTHY SHALER WILLIAMS.

THE little negro girls and boys who live in the towns or on the plantations of the South enjoy their games and sports quite as heartily as do any healthy and hearty girls and boys; but the conditions of their life are not such as to make them acquainted with the sports usually enjoyed by other children.



“DON'T PLAY ANY, SAH!”

If you were to ask one of these curly-haired, black-faced school-children of the South what games he played, he would be very likely to roll the whites of his eyes at you, and his teeth would glisten, while he answered, “Don't play any, sah!” If you should push your inquiries, you might get him to say “Yaas, sah!” to the questions whether he played baseball, tag, and other games. But it is the

colored child's misfortune that he cannot reply more fully to such questions. His list of games is really very short. Where children come together, however, as at school, or, once in a very great while at parties and picnics, there is an opportunity for sports which require a number of players.

A rough game, but one of the most popular, is “rap-jacket,” which is much played at school. The girls and boys cut long switches, and form two opposite rows, having an equal number of players on each side. The two forces then attack, each trying to make the other give way before the vigorous onslaught of whips. It is “against the rule” to hit in the face, but the blows rain down terrifically on the shoulders of the players; and it is not an unusual sight to see one of them who has been slightly hurt tearfully seeking consolation from the teacher.

In spite of the game's roughness, even the girls are very fond of it.

Most of the games which colored children play are “ring” games. These seem to furnish an outlet for the melody in the negro soul, for nearly all are accompanied by singing and dancing. The songs are extremely simple, and of course vary with every game. Very curious rhymes are sometimes thrown together. The tunes in all the games differ very little. To one who for the first time witnesses these musical games, their most striking features are the ease and grace with which most of the players dance and beat time with feet and hands. It is comical to see a circle of these happy little creatures moving hands, feet, and mouths in perfect harmony, and giving rapt attention to the game.

“Hop like de rabbit, ho!” is a favorite ring game. One player enters the circle made by the others, and chooses a partner. In a queer embrace the two clasp each other's shoulders and jump round and round. Meanwhile those in the ring, clapping their hands and beating with their feet, sing these words:

Hop like de rabbit, ho!  
Hop like de rabbit, ho boy!  
De rabbit skip,  
De rabbit hop,  
De rabbit eat my turnip-top!  
Hop like de rabbit, ho!  
Hop like de rabbit, ho boy!

De rabbit is a cunnin' thing,  
He ramble in de dark;  
He nebber know what trouble is  
Till he hear old Rover bark!  
De rabbit skip,  
De rabbit hop,  
De rabbit eat my turnip-top!  
Hop like de rabbit, ho!  
Hop like de rabbit, ho boy!

There is another game which is played in the same way, but which requires different words. It is called “De Willow-tree.” I

give the words as they were written down for me by a bright little school-girl; but they are a curious jumble. It ought to be said that the songs or chants given in this article are not

Six young ladies, six young gen'lemen,  
Don't you think it 's hard,  
They hab all got true lover,  
And I hab none ?



THE GAME OF "RAP-JACKET."

CHORUS.

Rice-cake, rice-cake, rice-cake,  
Sweet me so!

Don't you tell dose girls I love it to my heart!  
Don't you tell dose boys I eat it, eat it!  
Don't you tell dose boys I eat it, eat it!  
To my toe!

supposed to be sung, in all parts of the South, or, if sung, they do not appear in the same form. Their words may differ even in neighboring localities. The language of a people who depend upon the ear rather than on the eye for their vocabulary is always changing. The words of "De Willow-tree" are as follows:

De willow-tree I nebber saw,  
Green grow de willow!  
Do that again, I 'll stick you with a pin,  
Green grow de willow!  
De willow-tree I nebber saw,  
Green grow de willow!

Marching and singing are the chief features of the game "Drinking Water." Two of the players, joining hands above their heads, stand at the apex of an angle formed by the remaining players, who stand facing away from the first two. The two at the opposite ends of the columns forming the angle take a few steps toward each other, being followed in turn by the other players, and, wheeling half-way

around, march down the center between the columns and beneath the outspread arms of the first two, who remain in their places. "Shouting Josephine" is the odd name given to a peculiar game. Two of the players stand inside a ring formed by the others, and the following dialogue ensues between them:

"Josephine!"

"Ma'am?"

"Have you had your breakfast?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How much?"

"Spoonful."

"Josephine, do you want to shout?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How long?"

"An hour and a half."

"Then shout, Josephine!"

And so Josephine shouts, as loudly as she can, and, with her hands resting on her hips and her elbows bent, dances gracefully and in perfect time with her lively shouting. Meanwhile the others beat time with their hands. Now and then they cry out, "Finger-ring!" "Ear-ring!" "Breast-pin!" and so on; and as they mention the words, the shouting Josephine,

without stopping her motion, takes her hands from her hips and touches the portion of the body where the ear-ring, breast-pin, and so on, are respectively worn. Josephine shouts and dances as long as she has voice, and then breaks out of the ring, and a companion takes her place.

The colored children's parties do not differ much in general from those to which white girls and boys are accustomed. The invited guests come in the afternoon,—or evening, as



THE CAKE-WALK.

Probably the fun in this game is in its soldier-like movements. The song which accompanies the marching runs thus:

Ho, Nannie! Ho, Nannie!  
Hand me the gourd to drink water!  
Drink water, drink water,  
Hand me the gourd to drink water!

Miss Mary, Miss Mary!  
Hand me the gourd to drink water,  
Drink water, drink water,  
Hand me the gourd to drink water!



Southerners would say,—play games, have supper, and go home. In one of the games often played on such occasions a girl sits under a June-apple tree,—or, if there happens to be none around, under any small tree or shrub,—and calls a boy from among the players, who have formed a ring around her. The boy enters the circle and tries to kiss the girl, who to escape him endeavors to break out of the ring. But the other players clasp hands and dance round and round, all the time singing:

Here 's Miss Phoebe sits under a June-apple  
tree, heigh-ho!  
Seeking for her true-love to see, heigh-ho!  
Here 's a young lady sits under my arm;  
Another sweet kiss will do her no harm!  
An' another little one, heigh-ho!  
An' a sweet little one, heigh-ho!

The last two lines are repeated faster and faster, as "Miss Phoebe" makes greater efforts to break the ring; and her companions circle round with increasing rapidity. When she has at last escaped from her pursuer, the boy who is left chooses another girl from the ring; and then he, in turn, tries to break out before his partner can kiss him.

Then there are birthday parties, to which every invited guest is supposed to bring a present—a cake, a doll, or something of the sort—for the child whose birthday is celebrated. An interesting feature of these parties is the cake-walk. This affords great amusement. The prize cake is put upon a table in the center of the room, while the guests, in couples, walk around the house, in through the door, around the table, and out again. Not far from the cake stands one of the "old folks," who presents a little flag to whichever couples she may choose, as the procession moves past her. The marching in and out of the house continues until a gun is discharged outside; then the two with the flag who happen to be nearest the table are considered the winners of the cake. Besides

this prize, however, the successful girl and boy are each allowed to choose one of the presents brought to the host.

Christmas is the greatest holiday among the negroes. It lasts a whole week with them, and during this time some of them seem to think it wrong to do any work. The children believe firmly in the existence of Santa Claus. They hang their stockings beside the fireplace, and



HANGING UP THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

on Christmas morning imagine that they see his footprints on the hearth. One would think that old St. Nick would leave a great many gifts in such a home, it is so easy for him to climb up and down the chimney; but he does n't leave very many; so it is fortunate that the black children are satisfied with an orange, an apple, a doll, or a stick of candy.

# THE·TALE OF TERTVLLIVS·QVINTVS

BY MARGARET JOHNSON

TERTULLIUS QUINTUS he sat in his hall,  
Where the tablets of bronze on the tapestried  
wall

Proclaimed his exalted position;  
The toga that draped him in folds long and  
lank

Was striped with the purple befitting his rank;  
His stature was noble, his bearing was frank,  
And his nose was distinctly patrician.

Tertullius Quintus had won much renown  
In Rome, that antique but remarkable town,  
Full of wealth and of wit and of science;  
His house was palatial; and there, in the gray  
Of the earliest morning — a queer time of day,  
You'd imagine, for callers their greetings to  
pay! —

Came hundreds of friends and of clients.

His wife was a lady both noble and fair;  
His two little sons were as manly a pair  
As those world-renowned brothers, the  
Gracchi;

And Maximus Curtius, whom nobody blames,  
Nor Minimus Marcus, for having such names,  
Were as clever and bright at their studies and  
games

As any young Johnny or Jacky.

Yet, spite of his family — balm for all woes! —  
And spite of his fortune, his fame, and his nose,  
As sad as the sage in his attic,

A Roman, a senator, princely and proud,  
Tertullius sat with his haughty head bowed,  
And the shade of a gloomy and thunderous  
cloud  
On his countenance aristocratic.

For deep in his bosom there gnawed such a  
pain

As a Roman must feel who has struggled in  
vain

To uphold an august reputation;  
Each kalends of March it was one of his ways  
With a dinner unrivaled his friends to amaze;  
And among the choice viands to serve at the  
feast

Some dish rare and costly — roast peacock at  
least —

(Though how they could eat it I can't under-  
stand,

When there was n't a fork to be had in the  
land!)

Was the thing for a man of his station.

But times they were hard, and peacocks were  
dear,

And Tertullius Q. had expended that year  
Very much upon frolic and feasting, I fear;

For, to tell you the truth, he adored it!  
His books and his bank-account, stylus in  
hand,

He studied in vain; though for peacock he'd  
planned,

And 't was peacock he wanted, no more and  
no less,  
With a bitterness deeper than words can ex-  
press  
He felt that he could n't afford it!

There was many another delectable dish  
Of pigeon or pastry, of fowl or of fish,  
Which his cook could prepare to the turn of  
a wish,  
And the daintiest appetite flatter;  
But with peaches from Persia, and eels from  
Bordeaux,  
Still hoarsely Tertullius muttered, and low,  
"Aut pavo aut nullus!" as much as to say —  
Of course in a stern, senatorial way —  
If he could n't have peacock he just would n't  
play,  
And there was an end of the matter.

Now as he sat brooding, down into the hall —  
Which classical scholars an "atrium" call —  
Young Maximus came, with his face all  
aglow,  
Nor heeded his father's expression of woe,  
Nor the grief-stricken posture he sat in;  
But jauntily tossing his ringlets aside,  
"E pluribus unum!" he playfully cried,  
Or something like that, for you doubtless  
recall  
(Though I fancy it can't have been easy at  
all!)  
That the Quintuses always spoke Latin.

"Alas!" said his father (of course I translate),  
And would have proceeded his sorrows to  
state,  
But "Really," cried Maximus C., "I can't  
wait,  
For I promised to go to the circus;  
Your pardon!" And bowing politely and low,  
This heartless young heathen went off to the  
show  
(As boys sometimes did in the long, long ago),  
Where to follow him further would irk us.

Next into the hall little Minimus came,  
With his hands full of walnuts for playing  
the game  
In which all little Romans delighted;



And pausing to greet his papa where he sat  
With "Mulum in parvo!" or something like  
that,

He, too, sped away like a ball from a bat —  
Was ever a parent so slighted?

Tertullius Quintus he writhed in his chair,  
And he tore off the wreath that he wore in  
his hair.

"Affection's a failure, ambition a snare!  
No pity, no peacock, my glory all fled,  
And no one to care for my pride that is dead!  
I may as well go, then," he bitterly said,



SHE HAD  
DYED  
THE LARES  
PENATES  
AND ALL

"And throw my-  
self into the  
Tiber!"

But just at this  
moment a  
step on the  
floor,

A little voice hum-  
ming a little  
tune o'er,

And dear little  
Tullia en-  
tered the  
door —

Oh, did I for-  
get to de-  
scribe her?

They did not think  
highly of  
girls, as you  
know,

Those sturdy old  
statesmen  
who lived  
long ago

In the country  
far over the  
water;

And so I've omitted to mention to you  
What I very much doubt if Tertullius Q.  
Quite realized, indeed, if indeed he quite  
knew

That he had such a thing as a daughter!

But in she came tripping, as fresh as a rose,  
With her sandals so neat on her neat little toes,

Her tunic all guiltless of spot or of speck,  
And her little gold bulla hung round her fair  
neck —

I suppose you would call it a locket;  
Her heart it was light, for as well as she could  
She had done all the tasks that a little girl  
should:

She had tidied her little cubiculum — which  
Was a bedroom, you know — with its furni-  
ture rich;

She had dusted the Lares, Penates, and all  
The gods of the household that stood in the  
hall;

Fed the family snake, which, unless I forget,  
Instead of a kitten they kept as a pet;

And woven some flax from the thread she had  
spun;

And now she was going to buy her a bun,  
At the bake-shop around the next corner but  
one,

With a penny — that is n't what *she* would  
have said,

But it's much the same thing — very shiny  
and red,

Tucked away in her gown, which was funny  
instead —

Oh, excuse me; she *had* n't a pocket!

But seeing her father, she paused in dismay,  
And I think she'd a notion of running away,

But the frown on his forehead perplexed  
her;

And timidly creeping quite close to his knee,  
"Pray what is the matter, dear pater?" said  
she,

With her rosy cheeks white (she was fright-  
ened, you see)

As her little white toga prætexta.

"The matter?" Tertullius started and stared;  
Then down at the little intruder he glared  
With a laugh of the grimmest description.

"You ask, who would wail at the sting of a  
gnat!

I'm *poor*, child! And pray can you under-  
stand *that*?

So poor — although none any sympathy  
lends! —

That I can't buy a peacock to offer my  
friends!

The matter? And nothing to eat —" With  
a choke  
The senator stopped, and his frown as he  
spoke  
Was black with a blackness Egyptian.

But dear little Tullia pitying smiled;  
"So poor, dear papa?" cried the innocent child,  
And her look would have melted a stoic.  
"Why; see! I have something to give you —  
it's not  
Very much, I'm afraid, but it's all that I've  
got,  
And 't will buy you some dinner!" Then  
proudly she drew  
From her bosom her penny, so pre-  
cious and new,  
And laying it down with a lingering  
touch,  
"I don't think I wanted that bun very  
*much!*"  
She said with a courage heroic.

Well, draped in a toga or clad in a  
coat,  
Human nature's the same at the bot-  
tom, we note;  
And I fancy I scarcely need tell you  
the rest.  
Could the hardest of hearts have re-  
sisted the test  
Of the little maid's artless devotion?  
The senator's melted; and just as if he  
Had n't happened a haughty old Ro-  
man to be,  
And to live in the twilight of some-  
thing B.C.,  
Forgetting his late overwhelming despair,  
He hastily sprang from his ivory chair,  
Caught his child to his bosom, unable to speak  
For the tears on his proud senatorial cheek,  
While a feeling exquisite, at once, and  
unique,  
Suffused all his soul with emotion.

"Now were I of fame and of fortune bereft,  
With never a single denarius left,"  
At last he was able devoutly to cry,  
"Yet richer than Croesus, my darling, am I,  
And blessed with the dearest of blisses!

Oh, noble! Oh, brave!" And impassioned,  
though hoarse,  
He poured out his feelings with fervor and  
force  
(And they sounded much finer in Latin, of  
course)  
Until Tullia stopped him with kisses.

Then off to the bake-shop together they went,  
I cannot say which of the two more content;  
But never, I know, so elated and proud  
Had Tertullius been when addressing a crowd  
From the lordliest stage of the Forum.



Her hand in his own, little Tullia skipped,  
And at times in the trail of his toga she  
tripped,  
But he did n't mind *that*; and a bite of her  
bun  
She gave him, a plummy and generous one;  
And they chattered and laughed and had  
just as much fun  
As any papa, be he peasant or earl,  
May have, if he likes, with his own little girl.  
And then they went home, and the senator  
dined;  
And, a thousand important affairs on his mind,



THEN-OFF-TO-THE  
BAKE-SHOP  
TOGETHER-THEY  
WENT



Yet he never forgot, I'm delighted to say,  
The lesson that Tullia taught him that day.  
But they loved and were happy forever and  
aye,  
That is, in *saecula saeculorum*!

My story is finished. The moral? Why—wait;  
I don't think there *is* one! Of course I can  
state —

And you've doubtless observed it yourself, if  
you've looked —

That all the roast peacocks that ever were  
cooked,

All the money the wide world could mint us,  
A dwelling palatial, a glorious name,

A nose that's patrician, or fortune or fame,

Can't begin to compare with the least little curl  
That grows on the head of a dear little girl!

And I'm glad one old Roman, in ages long  
dim,

Discovered the fact—but the moral's for *him*!  
For us—well, to please me (it's only a whim),  
Just ask your papa when you climb on his  
knee

In front of the fire, to-night, after tea,

If he thinks there's a lesson for him or for me

In the tale of Tertullius Quintus!

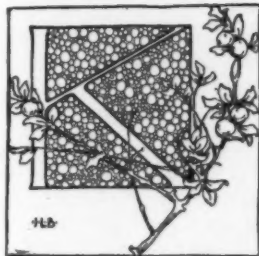
THE

END



## "KITTY WHITE."

By C. M. BRANSON.



KITTY WHITE had heard rumors for two weeks that there was a wildcat on the mountain. Though bears still were quite common, every one thought that the wildcats had been killed off. So this was bad news, for they are almost the worst things to meet when one is alone.

"Rover," the big Newfoundland who was such a good friend to "Kitty White" and "Kitty Gray,"—the prettiest cats in the neighborhood,—boasted that just let *him* see a wildcat, and he'd make short work of it; but Kitty White trembled with fear every time she ran over to chat with Kitty Gray. She said her nerves were getting awfully unstrung, for every bush and shadow she saw she thought was that wildcat. Neither of the kittens dared to stay out after dark, for the wildcat had been seen as far down the mountain as their homes!

Rover laughed at them and said he'd like to get at the old wildcat, he would.

Kitty White said the worst wish she could wish it was that it might have to go down the flume on a log; she just wondered how it would like to feel as if her eyes were coming out of their sockets and her fur flying out by the roots.

"Pooh!" said Rover. "You know, Kitty White, that going down a flume won't kill a cat."

Finally Master Jack made up his mind to hunt for that cat.

Rover came down to Kitty White's one morning and said the hunt was to begin that day. And he invited her and Kitty Gray to join in it. They were afraid at first; but he said he'd protect them, and they might see the sport and not be in a bit of danger, either.

In half an hour they all were started, Jack with his gun on his shoulder, and Rover capering on ahead. The two little cats began by being rather still, and kept close to Jack's heels, telling each other awful stories about the wickedness of wildcats in general and of this one in particular.

"Why," said Kitty White, "they say she's eaten up all the young kittens that she could find around here for six months. I'm afraid I am not too big for her myself!"

"I think she likes 'em tenderer than you; I call *you* a tough one," said Kitty Gray, in a good-natured, playful way.

And so they went on talking and quarreling until they grew braver, for they had seen nothing to alarm them. They skipped and hopped about as if they never had been afraid of anything in their lives.

Suddenly a great bark from Rover made them stop in the midst of a frolic and bristle themselves out. They hissed furiously, although they didn't know in the least what they were hissing at. Then they stood very still and watched. Presently they saw something white run so fast that it looked like a streak of light and not at all like an animal, and Rover was after it with great bounds. He was too busy to bark now.

The white thing ran up a tree, and then the two kittens saw that it was an enormous cat, the biggest they had ever seen. When she had got high in the tree she turned and looked down, and her eyes seemed like two big balls of green fire. She had a black spot on the top of her head, and two black paws.

Now Rover stood at the foot of the tree and shook his head and barked until the echoes were so loud and so many that Kitty White thought a dozen dogs must have gathered around.

Jack raised his gun and aimed at the cat. But just then she gave such a piteous cry that he did not pull the trigger as he had intended.

The cry did n't sound fierce at all—it was only very pleading; and Jack was tender-hearted, for all his roughness. The idea had crossed his mind: "What if this is n't a wildcat, after all?"

Now the two kittens and Rover understood cat language, of course, and they knew that the cry of the cat had meant: "Don't shoot! I never do any harm!"

When Kitty White saw Jack hesitate, she looked up at the cat and gave a long *mew* which meant: "Are you a wildcat, after all?"

Now, the moment the cat in the tree heard Kitty White's voice she shivered all over and seemed to forget that the gun was pointed at her.

"What voice was that?" she asked, as she came down and climbed out near the end of one of the lower branches.

"Mine," said Kitty White, promptly, wondering why the cat asked such a question.

"Won't you please speak again?" begged the treed cat. And Kitty, not knowing what to say, just gave another long *mew*.

By this time Jack had lowered his gun, and Rover was sitting down, listening and trying hard to regain his breath.

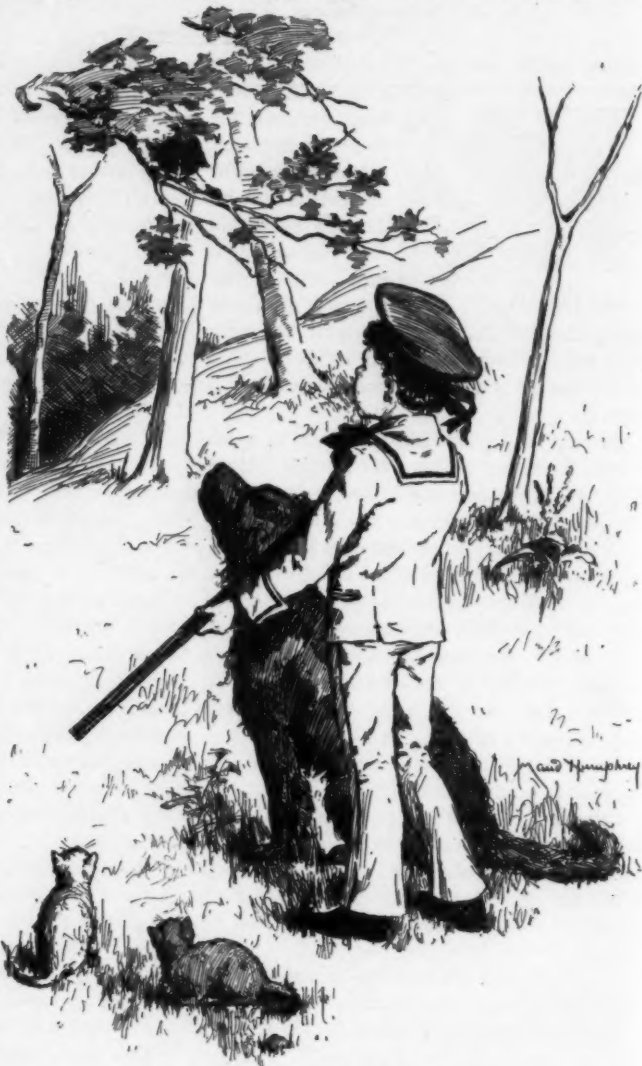
"I declare," said Jack, "I 'm not going to shoot that cat, after all; she looks too gentle and knowing."

The cat heard him, and understood enough to know she was out of danger, so she began to crawl slowly down the tree. It was hard work for Rover to keep from touching her when she brushed past his nose; but he was too interested now to think of worrying her.

The cat went straight to Kitty White.

"Kitty," said she, in a husky voice, "do you remember your mother?"

"Only a little. She was drowned in a



"BY THIS TIME JACK HAD LOWERED HIS GUN."

well when I was very small," was the timid answer.

"Did they ever find the body?" was the next question, in a hollow whisper.

"No," said Kitty, now so full of awe that she did n't feel Kitty Gray's nudge or hear her say, "She's crazy, is n't she?"

"Your mother was not drowned," said the cat, with a sigh of relief. "She escaped through a hole in the cover of the well; but she was so frightened that she went off into the woods and has been there ever since. Kitty, don't you know me?"

Here Kitty White trembled and her fur seemed to grow pale. "No-o-o," she stammered.

"Kitty," said the cat, "there is one thing I must ask you, have you a black tufted mark on your left paw?"

"I have, I have!" cried Kitty, in a high key.

"My child, my child!" whimpered the cat; and she clasped Kitty White to her heart, mew-ing in such a hysterical way that Jack had to stop his ears.

Then they went down the mountain a very happy and contented pair.



## THE FLY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A fly,  
To my eye,  
Is a wonderful thing.  
He buzzes about all the day on his wing —  
A gossamer, flibberty, gibberty thing.  
You would n't surmise  
A thing of his size  
Had strength for all of the tasks that he tries.  
For instance, to-day  
I was reading away  
Of fairies and gnomes and the pranks that they  
play,  
When a fly  
Came by,  
And then he began  
On a horrible plan  
Of worrying,  
Flurrying,  
Scurrying in,

And flicking the ends of my nose and my chin,

Until I 'd  
"Like to died"  
With wrath and chagrin.  
Now I 'm a big thing —  
The fly he was small.  
He 'd flop and he 'd fling,  
He 'd buzz and he 'd sing,  
While I would do nothing at  
all  
But whack at that fly  
Each time he came by,  
Deep wrath in my eye;  
I never could hit him, however I 'd  
try.  
I whacked for two hours  
With all of my powers;  
And when it was done  
I sat weary  
And teary—

While he was as fresh as when he had begun.

## WAS HE A COWARD?

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

WHAT are you youngsters chattering about? "The new boy"? What's the matter with him? "He's a coward, is he?" Come, come! none of that! I don't allow that kind of talk in my tent. I won't have any one called a coward till I *know* he is one. This boy has been here two days, and he may be worth all the rest of you put together, for aught I know. Now—have you all done your practising? Well, then, you may sit down and rest a bit, and I'll tell you *why* I won't have a new boy called a coward. It's because I called a boy by that name once when he did n't deserve it.

Hand me a match, Tom. I can't talk without my pipe. There! now we're comfortable.

You see, I was brought up in the ring, as you may say. Father was the best bareback rider in the country. I began when I was two years old, as the Elfin Fay, riding on father's shoulder; liked it, too, and never was frightened, mother says, from the very first. By the time I was five I could ride any horse except the kickers, and was about where most of you are in tumbling. So it went on. Well, at fourteen I was as game a little youngster as you could find. There was hardly anything I could n't do, and father was already beginning to talk about my succeeding him in the bareback line, though I took more naturally to tumbling, which was what I seemed built for, you see. But there! I thought I was every one, and all the rest besides. I'd been praised up, you see, and cheered, and called a little wonder, ever since I was knee-high to a mosquito, and I believed every word, and perhaps a little more, too.

Now I'm coming to my story. A new boy came one day to learn tumbling, just as you all are doing. He was a slim, lanky fellow, with big blue eyes and a white face; looked half starved, and had been, I guess. Well, he was too old for tumbling, or his head was weak, or something was the matter. Anyhow, he could n't tumble any more than a hen could.

Said it made him sick. No, you need n't laugh yet, boys; wait a bit. Then father tried him on riding; but he could n't ride any more than—well, I don't know what *to* call it. I do believe a fire-shovel could ride better than that boy could. As soon as the horse started he would turn white as a sheet, and in five minutes he'd be off. I used to stand and watch him and laugh; and sometimes I would just tip the horse a wink or a whistle, if it was one that knew me, and make him cut up, just for fun. One day I did this, and he caught hold of the mane with both hands—he did, as sure as I live! and sang out: "Don't! don't! I can't bear it!" "Coward!" says I. "Look at the coward!" And he gives me a queer look, and slips off, and runs away to the stable.

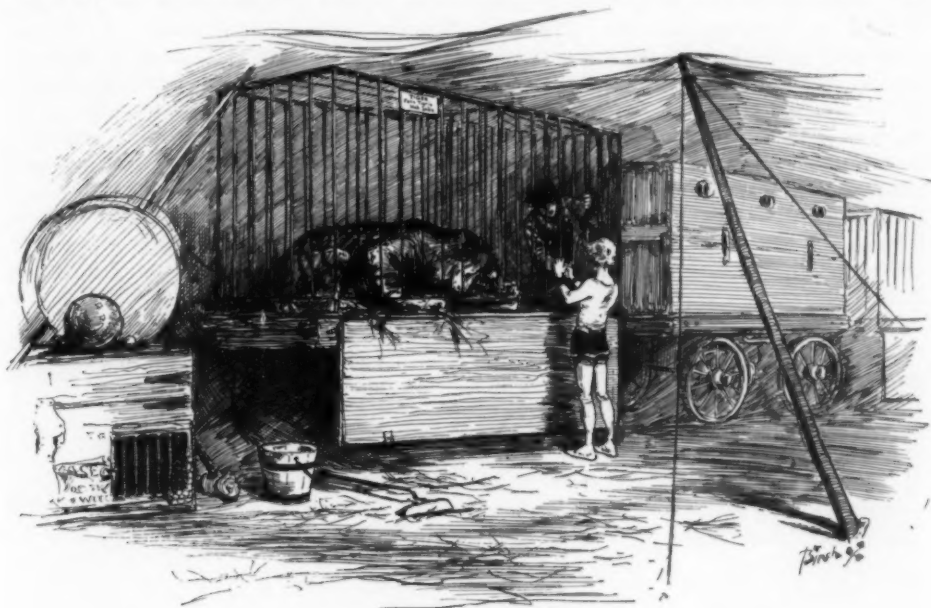
Well, father found he was of little use at that, so he set him to feeding the horses; thought he might groom 'em if he could n't ride 'em. He did pretty well at that, but he was everlastingly hanging round the menagerie, looking at the wild animals. The minute his work was done, he'd be hanging round the cages, watching first one and then the other. He never spoke to me from the day I called him coward, and seemed to keep away from everybody except old Joe, the elephant-keeper. They were friends, and they used to have long talks together; but nobody else ever noticed him.

One day I had been off for a holiday. Coming back in the afternoon, I found everybody running about and all in confusion. It was after feeding-time, but I heard an awful yelling and screeching from the animal-tent—the worst noise I ever heard. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Matter enough!" said some one. "That new tiger has caught his paw in the rails, and is swearing awful! and Bill Hunt [that was the lion and tiger man] fell and broke his leg this afternoon, and nobody will go near the cage." I ran into the tent, and there was father and the whole crowd watching the tiger. He was making an awful time. His paw was



stuck fast, and it must have swelled so it hurt him. He yelled and yelled, and dashed himself against the wires so that they actually bent, and you never heard such a noise in your life! They had thrown his supper in, but he would n't touch it, he was in such a raging fury. Father

was so taken aback he could n't say a word: no more could anybody. He just nodded; and then we all held our breath, for the boy walked straight up to the cage of that raging beast. "Will ye have Bill's rod?" says old Joe. "No;" says he, as unconcerned as if



"APPARENTLY WITH NO DESIRE FOR HASTE IN LEAVING THE CAGE, HE COOLLY REACHED DOWN TO SHAKE HANDS WITH ONE OF THE BOYS."

was trying to make old Joe go in. "You used to be a pretty good hand with the old tiger," he was saying. "I'll give you a twenty-dollar gold piece if you'll go in there and get that paw out." But old Joe shook his head. "I don't know this one," he said. "And I'm too old, and I won't do it. What's more," he said, "there's only one person in this show as *can* do it, as I knows on." Just at that minute some one touched father's arm. He turned round, and there stood that boy, the one we all called the coward. "I'll do it, sir," says he, quietly. And old Joe says:

"Ah, he's the one! he'll do it, sure enough." "He!" says father. "Why, he's a—" "No, he ain't," says old Joe. "That's all you know, boss! There's more things in this world than riding and tumbling. You let that boy go in!"

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it was a biscuit that was offered him. "I don't want anything." And he opened the cage door and went in.

Boys, no one of us who saw that sight will ever forget it to his dying day. The tiger was making such an awful noise himself that he did n't hear the door open; but it shut with a clang, and he turned and saw the boy. He tried to spring, but the paw held him fast, and hurt him all the more; and then—well, if ever a four-footed beast was a raving lunatic with rage, that tiger was. He foamed at the mouth, he yelled, he clawed the air, trying to get at the fellow. It was terrible, I tell you! The boy stood still for a minute; then suddenly he stepped forward and threw up his hand. His eyes turned to blue fire; his face seemed all alight. "Down!" he said. The tiger stopped

yelling; his green eyes glared into the blue ones, his ugly teeth clashed together; but he lay still, although trembling and all the while glaring with that kind of lightning look. Very quietly the boy went up to him and laid one hand on his head and the other on the swollen paw. He stood so for a minute, and then—the creature dropped its head and began to whine like a great cat! I would n't have believed it if I had n't seen it with my own eyes. Very gently the boy went to work on the paw, pressing and pulling and turning it so as to bring the flat paw more nearly parallel with the vertical bars of the cage. It makes me cold now to think of it! But though the great beast yelled now and then with pain, it was a very different kind of yell. It seemed an age, but it might have been a minute and a half, before the paw was drawn out and the tiger was free.

"Did he spring?" Not he! Those blue eyes seemed to go through and through him. He growled, and then whined, and then sank down as if he were tired out, and almost seemed to say "Thank you!"

Quick as a flash the boy picked up the great piece of meat and put it before the beast; then, apparently with no desire for haste in leaving

the cage, he coolly reached down to shake hands with one of the boys in the troupe who had run up to the cage; then he turned and walked out as quietly as if he had done nothing at all.

Before the rest could open their mouths to cheer, I had run to him and taken his hand. "I called you a coward," I said, loud so that everybody could hear. "I want to say now, before everybody, that I'm not fit to crack a whip for you. You're the bravest fellow I ever saw. Hurrah!" And "Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted father and all the rest; and the tiger looked up from his supper and growled.

So, boys, that was the way one coward turned out. His head was weak, you see, or his stomach, or something, so that riding made him dizzy: but his spirit—well, his spirit was beyond anything I ever saw.

"Who was he?" Ask who *is* he! He's my partner, the greatest wild-beast tamer that's been for a generation. Born for it, you see. Can't ride any more than a hen, to-day; but look at him! There he comes now! Ain't that a figure of a man? Look at his eyes! What did I tell you about blue fire? He's been training those lions we bought last week.

## A SCHOOL SAVINGS-BANK.

BY WALDON FAWCETT.

A NEW and very convincing way to demonstrate to boys and girls that if they will take care of the pennies the dollars will take care of themselves has recently been discovered by the pupils of one of the public schools in Washington, D. C., the national capital. These young people, acting under the direction of their principal, have started a school savings-bank, which is conducted in every way just like the great institutions where their fathers place their money for safe-keeping. The principal makes himself responsible for the safe-keeping of the funds, and at the close of each day's business deposits the daily receipts in one of the city's ordinary commercial banking institutions.

The children who are helping to make this school bank a success feel a greater pride in their enterprise than do most of the men who manage banks for "grown-ups" and own fine marble buildings with huge vaults or strong boxes of steel in which to store away their money.

The young people are quite right in their pride, too, for they did what none of the men did—built their bank themselves. In this school certain pupils were chosen to fit up the office for the bank, and there was great rivalry among the boys and girls for the honor; but the teachers finally chose the pupils who stood highest in manual training.

The woodwork was constructed by a lad who has learned to be very skilful at carpentry; and the latticework of iron strips, very like that which appears in the big banks, was made by another boy. However, the boys did not have all the honor of making the bank, for the fancy grillwork placed in the center of the front partition of the bank was contrived by a girl, and the young lady has been most highly praised because of her work.

When the boys and girls who were planning the bank discovered that if they were to conduct an establishment exactly like the regular savings-banks they must have printed bank-books, they were somewhat discouraged, for they had hoped that it would not be necessary to buy anything with which to begin business; but at last some

that the officers of the bank can tell at any time just how much money they have on hand, and can account for all that has been paid out, and know just where it has gone.

Some of the boys and girls who are brightest in arithmetic have been elected to manage the bank. Two boys are "tellers," receiving the money which is brought to the bank by the other children for safe-keeping, and paying it out upon demand by the boy or girl who has deposited it. Two girls act as bookkeepers, entering up or recording in the ledger the various sums of money taken in or paid out by the boys. Of course the two boys and the two girls have to "balance" the books each day, just as would be done in a big bank. In other words, the boy tellers must have on hand at the close of the



MAKING A DEPOSIT BEFORE THE SCHOOL SESSION BEGINS.

of the children went to the home of a lad who owns a fine printing-press, and by helping him set the type and do the other necessary work, they managed to turn out very handsome little bank-books. In the end the pupils did buy a ledger, the big book in which are entered up the accounts of all the various depositors, so

day's business exactly the amount of money called for in the ledger, after the girl bookkeepers have subtracted the total amount of money paid out during the day, and then added the total sum paid in by the various depositors who have brought money to the bank during the day. If there is a difference of so much as a penny be-

tween the amount of money in the safe and the amount called for by the book in which the accounts are kept, the officers of the bank must puzzle over the matter, just as they would over a problem in arithmetic, until the error is found.

The bank is open three times a day, morning, noon, and evening. Thus the children may bank their money by coming before the regular school hour in the morning, by taking time during the noon recess, or by remaining after school in the afternoon. The bank is open only half an hour each time, and if there are many children waiting with money the bank officers must work very hard.

An account may be opened at the bank with a penny. Each patron of the bank is furnished, free of charge, with a book containing deposit slips and checks very much like those used in all banks. The deposit slip is a piece of paper upon which the boy or girl who is putting money in the bank writes the sum deposited. One of the slips, properly filled out, is given to the bankers with every sum deposited, and it serves as a record to indicate to the tellers and the bookkeepers just who has deposited the money, and consequently to whose credit it is to be entered up in the bank's books. The deposit slip is in two parts, each part bearing a statement in ink of the amount deposited. The bank officers, as has been explained, keep one part of the slip, to show them who has deposited money and how much has been paid in by each pupil; but the other part of the piece of paper remains in the bank-book of the depositor, and serves as a receipt or as evidence that he has deposited such a sum.

Any pupil may, by adding up the amounts on all the deposit slips, and then subtracting the sum of all the money he has drawn out at various times, find out just how much money he has left in the bank. If the sums which he figures out in this way are not the same as those arrived at by the bank bookkeepers who work the same problem in arithmetic, one or the other must have made a mistake, and it must be discovered and the matter set right before the pupil can close his account, or, in other words, draw all his money out of the bank.

The checks which are contained in the bank-

book of each pupil are used in an entirely different way. These are needed only when a boy or girl wishes to draw out money instead of to deposit it. The pupil who wishes money for any purpose "fills out" a check, which is nothing more nor less than a written message to the tellers, signed by himself, and ordering the bank to pay to the writer of the check a certain sum, the amount being indicated, of course, in each case.

If a scholar is sick at home, or for any reason cannot go to the bank, he can write a check instructing the bank to pay whatever sum of money is desired to any other boy or girl whom he may name, or he may tell the bankers to pay the money "to bearer," in which case the money will be paid over to whoever brings the piece of paper to the bank. Each check, after the money it calls for has been paid out, is kept by the bank. In the first place, it serves as a reminder that the bookkeepers must subtract the amount paid out from the sum held by the bank on behalf of the boy or girl who has written the check. In the second place, it serves as a receipt, and if at the end of the school year any scholar, forgetting how much has been drawn out, believes that he should have a larger sum than is credited, the bank officials have only to bring out these old checks to convince the pupil how much money he has actually secured from time to time. Since every check is signed by the pupil himself and is dated in his own handwriting, there is, of course, no chance for him to say that a mistake has been made.

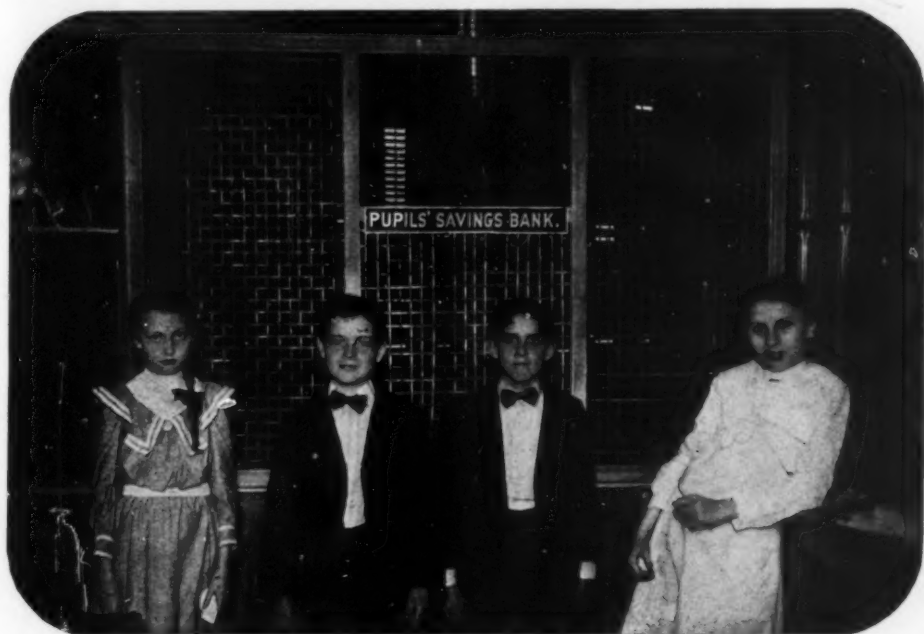
It may surprise our readers to learn that while the deposits by the pupils are never larger than twenty-five cents, and are often as small as two cents, the boys and girls have placed in safe-keeping a total of nearly two hundred dollars. Many of the boys sell newspapers, and every morning they stand up in line, waiting their turn to deposit their profits, keeping out only enough to make their purchases of papers next day. Other boys earn money to put in the bank by doing chores for the neighbors, cleaning out yards, or splitting wood.

Some of the lads make as much as fifty cents each Saturday, and all this goes into the bank. The girls earn money by making bits of fancy work or doing little tasks in housework. Some

of the money brought to the school bank is given to the children by their parents to be deposited, but by far the greater portion of it is earned by real work.

The bank has a "clearing day" a short time before Christmas, when each child receives all the money he has saved. This allows them to

once a week; but it was soon shown that the pupils were more apt to leave their money in the bank when they knew they could get it at any time than if they were obliged to draw out only at stated times or give notice in advance. For instance, when the children were allowed to take out money only on each



THE OFFICERS OF A SCHOOL SAVINGS-BANK.

buy Christmas presents for friends and relatives with money which they have actually earned, and it is the idea of the school officials that the young folk can do nothing better or more unselfish than this with their savings.

Of course if pupils find that they have more money than they really need for Christmas purchases, the remainder is immediately deposited again as a nest-egg for a new savings account. All through the school year the children may draw money at any time. At first it was planned to allow them to draw money but

Friday evening, many of them drew out sums merely because they feared they might need a few cents during the coming week. When they knew they could get money at any time, they ceased drawing out sums regularly, and spent less of their savings.

At the end of each school year there is another clearing day, when the children are encouraged to close their accounts, even if they reopen them in the autumn. Pupils may leave money in the bank, if they wish, even after they no longer attend the school.





### THE SCHOLASTIC MOUSE.

SAID the mouse with scholastical hat,  
 "I will study the subject of cat!"  
 But when puss gave a yawn  
 Mr. Mousie was gone  
 Much quicker than you could say "Scat!"  
*A. B. P.*



### TOMMY'S FAREWELL TO THE CITY BOARDERS.

"GOOD-BY, GOOD-BY, EVERYBODY; DON'T MISS YOUR TRAIN.  
 COME BACK AGAIN TO THE FARM NEXT SUMMER!"

## THE RAINBOW COLORS.

A KINDERGARTEN SONG.

BY MARY ELIZABETH STONE.



SEE what I have found,  
Like a ball so round:  
Something red as red can be—  
'T is an apple from the tree.



See what I have found,  
Like a ball so round:  
Oranges are such a treat,  
Very good they are to eat.



See what I have found,  
Little balls so round:  
All these grapes are deeply  
blue;  
And this plum, of violet hue.



See what I have found,  
Like a ball so round:  
'T is a peach with tint of yellow,  
For it's ripe and rich and mellow.



See what I have found,  
Like a ball so round:  
From a green and sunny slope  
I have brought a cantaloup.

Now a glance will make it clear,  
All the colors have we here.  
We can see them, 'way up high,  
When a rainbow spans the sky.





BY MARY AUSTIN.

I.

ONE bred to the hills and the care of dumb, helpless things must in the end, whatever else befalls, come back to them. That is the comfort they give him for their care and the revenge they have of their helplessness. If this were not so Gabriel Lausanne would never have found Jean Baptiste. Babette, who was the mother of Jean Baptiste and the wife of Gabriel, understood this also, and so came to her last sickness in more comfort of mind than would have been otherwise possible; for it was understood between them that when he had buried her, Gabriel was to go to America to find Jean Baptiste.

He had been a good son to them in his youth and good to look upon; a little short of stature, — no taller, in fact, than Babette, who was a head shorter than Gabriel, — but broad in the shoulders and strong in the thighs beyond belief. But the strength of his thews and sinews had been Jean Baptiste's undoing. About the time he came to the age of a man and the fullness of his strength, he began to think too much of himself and his cleverness in breaking other people's collar-bones by pitching them over his shoulder.

The towns drew him; the hills had no power to hold. He left minding the sheep; he sought jolly companions, and went boisterously about with them from inn door to inn door. Finally the fame of his wrestling spread until there were few men in the province dared try a fall with him. From bragging he went to broiling,

and at last fell into such grievous trouble that there was nothing for it but to slip away to America between the night and the morning.

Then Gabriel and Babette, who had not thought before to take stock of their years, began to understand that they were old, and at the time when they had looked to see children's children about their knees, Babette had slipped away to find the little ones who died before Jean Baptiste was born, and Gabriel was beginning his search for Jean Baptiste, the well beloved.

America is a wide land, but the places in it where men fare forth to the hills with sheep are known and limited; and when he had inquired where these were, there, because of the faith he had, went Gabriel Lausanne. He came, in the course of a year, to the shepherd world that lies within the Sierra Nevada and its outlying spurs. For it is known that the shepherds of the Sierras are strange, Frenchmen, Basques mostly, and a few Mexicans, but never an English-speaking one, from the Temblor Hills to the Minarets.

Things went hardly with Gabriel at first, for he was new to the land and bewildered by its bigness; but once he had gotten a place to help at lambing-time his work was assured, for there was little he did not know about lambs. And finally he was given charge of a flock, and went wandering with it into the high glacier meadows, learning the haps and seasons of the hills. He got to know the trails and the landmark peaks, what meadows were free and what could be rented for a song, the trail of bear and wild-

cat, the chances of snow in August, and all shepherd's lore. He knew the brands of sheep as a man knows the faces of his neighbors, and from the signs of the trails how they fared that were ahead of him, and how to prosper his own.

All this time he had not left off inquiring for Jean Baptiste, though the manner in which he should do this gave much trouble of mind to

out by means of it. And if it should come to his ears that inquiries were made concerning him, he might be more careful to hide himself, suspecting an enemy. In the end Gabriel had to content himself asking every man he met for news of his son, whom he loved dearly and would find.

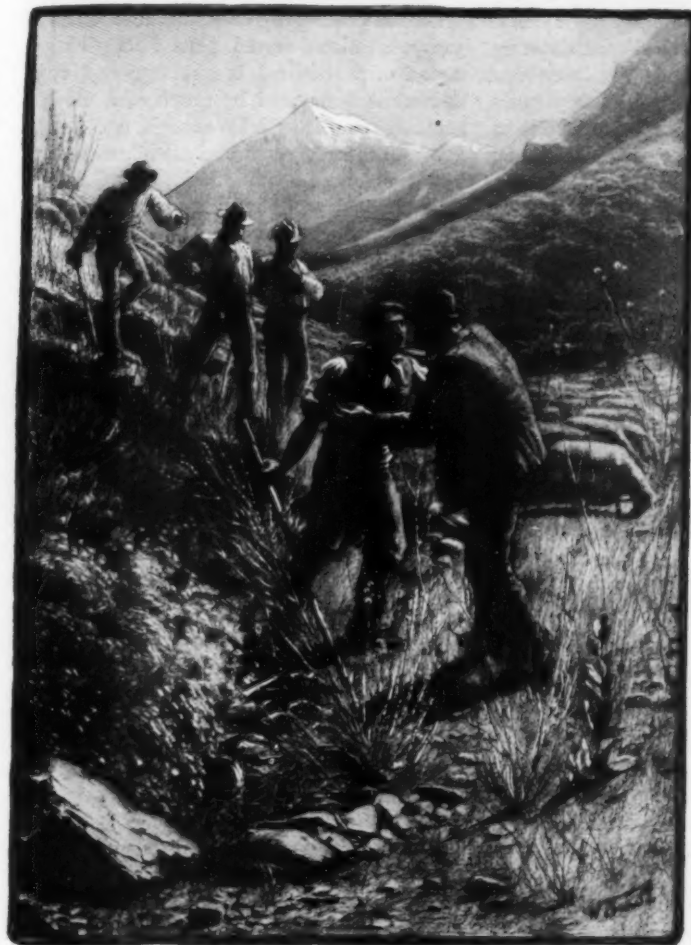
"Jean Baptiste, your father loves you," he wrote upon the rocks; "Jean Baptiste, your father loves you," he cut

painstakingly upon the blazed trunks of pines; and "Jean Baptiste!" he whispered nightly to the wide-open stars when he lay with his flocks wintering on the sunward slopes of the Little Antelope.

## II.

So the years went over him, and his heart warmed toward the big new land where any meadow might hold his son, or any coyote-scaring fire might be Jean Baptiste's.

By as many shepherds as he met Gabriel Lausanne was respected for his knowledge of ailing sheep, and laughed at for his simple heart, but as yet he had not come up with the shepherds of Los Alamos. The Los Alamos grant covered thousands of acres of good pasture-lands, but they counted their flocks and herds by tens of thousands, and reached out as far



"THE OLD MAN STOOPED, THAT HE MIGHT MEET 'THE MULE' EYE TO EYE."

Gabriel Lausanne. He thought it reasonable to suppose that Jean Baptiste had not kept his own name, lest the old wrong should find him

as they could or dared into the free forest-lands and the glacier meadows set between.

They sent out large flocks, strong and well

shepherded; and what they could not get by the fair right of first comers, they took by force and wile. They wrested the best feeding-grounds from small shepherds by the sheer force of numbers, and when they met with bands strong and adventurous as their own, the shepherds cracked one another's heads merrily with their long staves, and the pasture went to the men with the thickest skulls.

They were bold rogues, those shepherds of Los Alamos. They would head their flocks away from the line of the Forest Reserve, under the ranger's eye, and as soon as his head was turned cut back to the forbidden pastures, and out again before he could come up with them.

They turned streams out of their courses, and left uncovered fires behind them to run unchecked in the wood, for the sake of the new feed that grew up in the burned districts. For them the forest existed only to feed sheep, and Los Alamos sheep at that.

There are shepherds in the Sierras who from long association grow into a considerable knowledge of woodcraft and have respect for the big trees, but not the shepherds of Los Alamos. No doubt there was much mischief charged to them which was not properly their own, but in any event they had never been loved, and were even dreaded because of that one of them who was called "The Mule."

Every shepherd has two names—the one he signs to his contract and the one he is known by. The Mule, so called because of a certain manner of surly silence and the exceeding breadth and strength of his back, had been picked up by Le Berge, the head shepherd, at a shearing, poorly clad and wholly at the end of his means. There was that in his look and the way in which he handled a sheep that made it plain that he had been born to it; and when he had plucked up a man who annoyed him and pitched him over his shoulder, Le Berge loved him as a brother. He hired him forthwith, though he had to discharge another man to make place for him. And now it was said that whoever came in the way of the shepherds of Los Alamos must try a fall with The Mule for the right of the feeding-grounds; and the fame of his wrestling was such that timid shepherds kept well away from his trail.

### III.

GABRIEL LAUSANNE, keeping to the small meadows and treeless hills, had not yet fallen in with the flocks of Los Alamos. The fifth year of his shepherding there was no rain at all on the inland ranges. The foot-hill pastures failed early, and by the middle of July the flocks were all driven to the feeding-grounds of the high Sierras.

Gabriel came early to Manache, a chain of grassy, gentian-flowered plats strung on the thread of a snow-fed brook, large and open, and much frequented by shepherds. In Manache, if one waits long enough, one gets to know all the flocks and every shepherd ranging between Tahoe and the Temblors. Gabriel, a little wearied at heart, purposed to stay the summer through in that neighborhood, moving only as the flock required.

Jean Baptiste he knew must come to the hills as surely as the swallow to the eves or the stork to her chimney, but he was perplexed by the thought that in the years that had passed so many changes had come to them both that they might unwittingly meet and pass each other. He wished that he might find other messengers than the wind and the rain-washed rocks and the fast-obliterating pines. And while Gabriel pondered these things with a sore heart, two thousand of the Los Alamos sheep poured down upon his meadow from the upper pass.

Their shuddering bleat, their jangling bells, sounded unseen among the tamarack pines all the half of one day before they found him. But when they came into the open and saw him feeding down the stream-side among the dwarf willows, the shepherds of Los Alamos promised themselves great sport.

Le Berge, walking lazily at the head of his flock, spoke a word to his dogs, and the dogs in their own fashion spoke to the flock, and straightway the sheep began to pour steadily down the meadow and around the flock of Gabriel; for that was a way they of Los Alamos had—compelling small shepherds to keep their sheep parted out at their own cost.

"And what do you here, friend?" said Le Berge, when he had reached Gabriel.



"I feed my flock," answered the old man. "The pasture is free. Also I seek my son."

The under-shepherds came hurrying, expecting to be greatly entertained, and one called to another, "Hi, Mule, here is work for you!"

The man so called came slowly and in silence, a short man, but close-knit and broad in the shoulders, a wrestler by the look of him, and leaning upon his staff until his part of the entertainment should begin.

"Free is it," said Le Berge, still to Gabriel. "Yes, free to those who can hold it. By the turn of your tongue you should be from Bourdonne. Here, Mule, is a countryman of thine. Come teach him the law of the feeding-ground."

"I am an old man," said Gabriel, "and I wish no harm. Help me out with my flock and I will begone. But you," he said to The Mule, "are you truly of Bourdonne? I am Gabriel Lausanne, and I seek my son, Jean Baptiste, whom I love. We also are of Bourdonne; it may be you can tell where he is to be found."

"Enough said," cried Le Berge. "Up with him, Mule."

#### IV.

AND then the shepherds of Los Alamos looked with mouths agape to see that The Mule stood still, and the knuckles of the hand that grasped his staff were strained and white. The voice of Gabriel quavered on amid the bleating of the sheep:

"If you are surely of Bourdonne you will earn an old man's blessing; and say to him that his mother is dead, and his father has

come to find him. Say to my son, 'Jean Baptiste, your father loves you.'" The old man stooped a little, that he might meet The Mule eye to eye.

"Jean Baptiste," he said again, and then his staff shook in his hands, though there was no wind, and his voice shook, too, with a sudden note of hope and doubt and wistful inquiry. "Jean Baptiste," he cried, "your father loves you! Jean Baptiste—"

Jean Baptiste, called The Mule, dropped his staff and wept with his face between his hands, and his whole strong frame shook with emotion, and his father fell on his neck and kissed him.

So Gabriel found his son.

#### V.

AND now it is said that there are no better shepherds in the Sierras than the two Laussannes, the one famed for his skill with the lambs, the other for his knowledge of the feeding-grounds.

They will not be hired apart, and it is believed that it will be so until the end; for it is said at shearings, as a joke that is half believed, that when father Gabriel is too old to walk, The Mule will carry him.

They are a silent pair, and well content to be so; but as often as they come by Manache, when they sit by the twilight fire at the day's end, Gabriel puts out his hand to his son, saying softly, as of old habit, "Jean Baptiste, your father loves you"; and The Mule, patting the hand upon his arm, makes answer, "Ay, father; Jean Baptiste knows."



## WILLIE ON CLASSIC FICTION.

BY CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS.

I SUPPOSE that Aunt Clarissa thought she 'd  
done a powerful lot  
When she brought me this old novel by that  
feller Walter Scott,  
And another one by Dickens or some funny  
name like that;  
And father says to read them, and has laid  
the law down flat,  
And that all my dear old story-books forever I  
must quit.  
So here I'm tackling "Ivanhoe," and don't like  
it a bit;  
For though I 'm at the thirteenth page, to my  
intense regret,  
There 's not a sign of Indians, and no one 's  
killed as yet.

Father 's told me quite a lot about this "Ivan-  
hoe,"  
And says the whole thing 's simply grand—  
but oh, it 's dreadful slow.  
He said that Richard "Cur" de Lion was  
handy in a fight,  
But with Pawnee Jim and Buckskin Bill he  
would n't be a bite;  
And as for Mr. Robin Hood and that old six-  
foot bow,  
Why, with Buckskin William's Winchester he  
would n't have a show.  
So, Mr. Scott and Dickens, if Willie's heart  
you 'd win,  
Just rewrite all your stories and put lots of  
Indians in.

But Johnny Jones he tells me (and he 's read  
an awful lot)  
That in some of these old stories by Dickens  
and by Scott  
He says they make one murder do to last clean  
through the book  
(And when young Johnny told me, oh! I  
laughed until I shook).

So I 've started to investigate; not an Indian  
have I met,  
For here I am at Chapter Two and no one 's  
killed as yet.

Well, I don't know how it happened, but I 've  
read through "Ivanhoe,"  
And first the thing seemed dull old stuff, but in  
an hour or so  
My eyes were glued close to the book—I did n't  
skip a page.  
And, say! I had the greatest treat I 've had for  
quite an age.  
My hair it stood straight up on end! I must  
have looked a fright  
When father walked right in and said: "Not  
going to bed to-night?  
You cut your dinner short, but now don't rob  
yourself of sleep."  
I tell you, it was hard to stop. I was cross  
enough to weep.

Well, I never would have thought it, but that  
Richard Lion-Heart  
Beats Buckskin Bill all hollow and can give 'em  
all a start.  
He did n't hide behind some rocks and shoot a  
mile away,  
But got right down into the fight, and there, sir,  
he would stay.  
And while a tiny hole is made by a modern rifle-  
ball,  
This Richard sliced 'em clean in halves, head,  
body, legs, and all.  
He did n't kill as many, p'r'aps, as if he 'd had  
a gun,  
But he hit 'em twice as hard a whack, and had  
a heap more fun.  
I tell you, this old feller Scott can hold a chap in  
thrall.  
And the way that Mr. Dickens does jest makes  
the rest look small.

And when of Fagin, Nancy, and that villain  
Sikes I 'd read  
Pa said my eyes looked just as if they 'd jump  
out my head.  
I found that Dickens simply steals the heart  
right out of you,  
And he does n't need to murder folks to thrill  
a feller through.  
Why! he makes those Indian-fighters an' toma-  
hawks look tame;  
I don't know *how* he does it, but he does it just  
the same.  
It 's strange, but pa he seems to know by just  
the way I look  
The very part I 've got to in readin' through  
the book.

I guess my eyes at supper-time was lookin'  
awful red,  
For pa he winked at aunt and says: "I see that  
Nancy 's dead."  
Now, Mr. Scott and Dickens, if you ever pass  
this way,  
You 're invited round to Willie's house, and  
right there you can stay,  
And tell me stories by the year, and never stop  
for breath —  
'Cept when I have to boo awhile about poor  
Nancy's death.  
And when a boy forgets his lunch for stories,  
you can state  
That Scott and Dickens beat the world, and —  
my, but they are great!



JOHNNY'S DREAM.

THE EFFECT OF RETURNING TO SCHOOL AFTER THE  
SUMMER VACATION.

## A CITY MAID.

By C. M. S.

SHE came up to the country  
But a week or so ago,  
This city maid who ne'er had  
seen  
The fields where wild flowers  
grow;  
And when she saw the cat-tails,  
She cried, "Oh, *do* look,  
quick!  
Who ever heard of sausages  
A-growing on a stick!"



## A PREFERENCE.

By E. L. SYLVESTER.

"DEAR mama," said funny young Dick,  
"I want you to write to St. Nick,  
And tell 'em to please  
Have verses like these  
On all of the pages, just *thick*."



# SEPTEMBER

## A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

THE Oyster is a stupid thing ;  
He cannot dance, he cannot sing,  
He cannot even read or write —  
Indeed, he is n't very bright.

When in September school begins  
(A school of fish, I mean),  
The fishes come with shining fins  
And sit in rows with happy grins,  
But Oyster is n't seen.

He just lies lazy in his bed,  
Although 't is day ;  
And so to oystermen o'erhead  
He falls a prey.



# NATURE and SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Edited by Edward F. Biegelow

A pest to farmers, a joy to the flower-lover, and a welcome signal for refreshment to hosts of flies, beetles, bees, and wasps, especially to the paper-nest builders, the sprangly wild carrot lifts its fringy foliage and exquisite lacy blossoms above the dry soil of three continents. . . . One of these lacy, white umbels must be examined under a lens before its delicate structure and perfection of detail can be appreciated. — NELLIE BLANCHARD in "Nature's Garden."

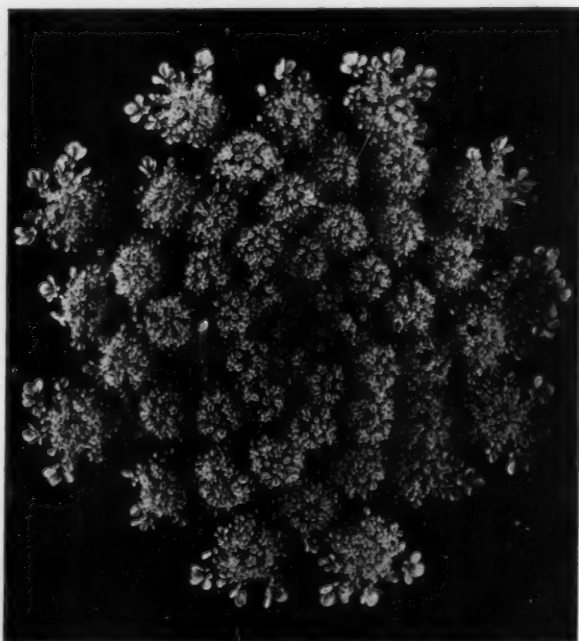
## THE BEAUTY AND INTEREST OF WEEDS.

A WEED has been defined as "a plant that persists in growing where it is not desired." Surely the wild carrot is a most weedy weed from the point of view of that definition and of the dislike of the farmer. As to the persistence, our veteran farmer-naturalist John Burroughs tells us: "Cut off the head of the wild carrot, and in a week there are five heads in room of the one; cut off these, and by fall there are ten looking defiance at you from the same root." Tennyson's method of studying a plant is the only one for getting rid of this. The farmer, in actions if not in words, must say to the wild carrot:

Flower, . . . I pluck you out,  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand.

The only fault of wild carrot, as of other so-called weeds, is too great success in life. It is guilty only of persistence. But from a nature-lover's point of view there are, strictly speaking, no weeds. No

plant is disliked. On the contrary, the more a plant is able to strive successfully for life, the more of interest it is. We can also see and appreciate the beauty without the "weedy" dislike.



A SINGLE HEAD OF WILD CARROT IN "QUEEN ANNE'S LACE" FORM.

If in this spirit our Nature and Science observers will examine the wild carrot, the verdict will be that it is one of the prettiest and most interesting of our native plants. The beauty is especially noticeable in the full bloom, or "Queen Anne's lace," form; perhaps some may regard the "bird's-nest" form as the most interesting.

John Burroughs has pointed out another reason for liking weeds. He says:

One is tempted to say that the most human plants, after all, are the weeds. How they cling to man, and follow him around the world, and spring up wherever he sets his foot! How they crowd around his barns and dwellings, and throng his garden, and jostle and override each other in their strife to be near him! Some of them are so domestic and familiar, and so harmless withal, that one comes to regard them with positive affection.

No one who carefully studies other very common plants called weeds will fail to find them interesting and



A BOUQUET OF "QUEEN ANNE'S LACE."



A BOUQUET OF "BIRD'S-NEST."

VOL. XXX.—130-131.

beautiful. For the best letter regarding this interest and beauty, received before December 1, Nature and Science offers a prize of three dollars' worth of books from The Century Co.'s catalogue, or a year's subscription to *St. Nicholas*.

#### WHY THE WILD CARROT CLOSES UP.

HERE is an interesting inquiry from one of our young observers. Who will help solve the problem?

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: I want to ask you why the wild carrot closes up every winter. There must be some good reason for it, and I can think of none except its wanting to keep the seeds in the dried-up flower or cup. It is a very good thing it does, for the winter birds can then feed on the seeds. But I always thought it was the object of a plant or flower to deposit its seed safely on the ground, so that if nothing happened to it then it could germinate in the spring; and I think very few seeds can get through the netted growth of the flowers, for the whole thing is made up of numbers of little flowers, just as the center of the daisy is.

Your interested reader,

CHARLOTTE PARKER.

## WINGED HIGHWAYMEN.



WITHOUT doubt one of the most rapacious creatures is an insect that scarcely knows fear or caution, and that is ever ready to pounce upon a possible victim, no matter what the odds may be. This most daring highwayman of the insect world is the robber-fly, or *Asilus*.

The many robber-flies constitute the family *Asilidae*, and, with all the true flies, belong to the order *Diptera*, the two-winged insects. The smallest member of the family is hardly more than one fourth of an inch in length, while the largest, a Southern species, is over two inches long. Both are entirely black. Other and common forms are of medium sizes, some brown and gray, others entirely dull yellow, or black variegated yellow. Some, again, have scarcely any hair, while others are densely hairy. Certain species look thing like wasps, and others like bees. Robber-flies are able not only for the ferocious attack, but for the with which they handle their



A ROBBER-FLY.

An *asilus* often kills and carries through the air a wasp or bumblebee as large as itself, or a moth still larger. I have seen a small species seize and carry off the yellow *Colias* butterfly, and another pounce upon a grasshopper too large to be lifted from the ground.

In this latter case there followed a lively struggle in the grass while the killing was going on. The powerful grasshopper, though it possesses no weapon,



ROBBER-FLY ATTACKING GRASSHOPPER.

"The powerful grasshopper can kick like a mule."

can kick like a miniature mule, and this one did all in its power to dislodge its captor. But the fly kept its hold on the hopper's back in spite of these frantic efforts, and its long, keen bill was soon thrust deep into its victim's body and the vital juices were sucked out. This ended the struggle, and with a few convulsive kicks the grasshopper expired.

We naturally wonder why a wasp cannot successfully defend itself against a fly. But, in addition to its sword-like proboscis, the robber-fly is also endowed with legs of unusual length and power. It is thus enabled to hold its victim at such a distance that the envenomed sting cannot be used. Powerful and swift as its wings are, it seldom seizes its stinging victims in mid-air, but usually hurls itself on the back of the unsuspecting wasp.

Caterpillars, spiders, moths, beetles, dragonflies, and even plant-bugs are all seized and despatched by this swift assassin.

Watch a robber-fly while it is hunting. You may hear a familiar buzzing, and see a robber-fly dash across a little open space and settle on a leaf. Presently it spies a fat spider, nearly or quite its own size, gliding along a leaf, and coming to a pause directly opposite the fly, which turns its body slowly to face the intruder. For a moment both remain motion-



VICTIMS OF THE ROBBER-FLY.



"THE SPIDER AND THE FLY."

less. Recalling "The Spider and the Fly," we might imagine the latter to fear attack, but we soon discover that the usual case is here reversed. The spider makes a slight move as if to journey on, when, like an arrow, the robber descends upon it.

The attacked spider is not quite taken unawares, for it makes a swift sidewise move and attempts to crawl beneath the shelter of the leaf. But the long, grasping legs of the asilus seize it firmly, and then follows a brief but lively struggle. The arachnid might even yet escape, but in another instant the fly's trusty sword is buried in the body of its victim. The latter becomes limp in a moment, and, relaxing its hold, is carried down into the grass, where its fat body serves its victor with a hearty meal.

And then we hear the deep hum of *Bombus*, the bumblebee, and with it, as if in a sort of staccato accompaniment, the high-pitched buzz of a robber-fly. This fellow is almost the bee's counterpart in color and hairiness, but has a body somewhat more slender. The fly moves from flower to flower,

drawing nearer to the busy and unsuspecting gatherer of honey. Presently, as the bee alights, the fly from a leaf above falls, with a swift downward plunge, directly on the broad and hairy thorax of its victim. The latter makes a vain effort to use its sting, but in a moment the long proboscis is thrust into the bee's back just behind its head, and thus is ended the useful existence of an industrious and altogether respectable citizen of the insect community.

But, with all its prowess, the robber-fly finds on rare occasions a more worthy foeman among certain members of the stinging tribe—insects that are able not only to put up a successful defense, but to fight aggressively when attacked. The most prominent among these is the well-known *Sphecius*, or cicada-killer, called also the sand-hill hornet. This formidable warrior is remarkable for its beauty, great size, swift flight, and the length of its venomous sting.

It is probable that the asilus and the *sphecius* seldom have occasion to meet in combat, yet it was once my very good fortune to witness such an affair. I was wandering along a sandy creek bank on a July day, and had



"HURLS ITSELF ON THE BACK OF THE UNSUSPECTING WASP."



"THE FLY DRAWS  
NEARER TO THE BUSY  
GATHERER OF HONEY."

observed holes made in the ground by sandhill hornets. Then I kept a lookout, hoping to see one, and presently up the creek she came flying, a true princess in the insect realm, buzzing along with an air of importance, and stopping now and then to search the bushes for a cicada or other victim. As she darted along nearly opposite me, a huge black robber-fly suddenly crossed the stream, and the two-winged athletes saw each other.

Instantly the asilus turned and flew straight at the hornet, and the latter, evidently recognizing the value of aggressiveness when so menaced, met her assailant half-way. Never did knights-errant charge more gallantly. There was a buzz and a whirl, a series of such rapid

moves that my eyes could not follow them, and then the robber-fly dropped lifeless into the water and floated down the stream. The hornet continued her flight, examining again the bushes as if nothing unusual had happened.

The keen proboscis of the robber-fly easily penetrates the covering of most insects, but some are protected by a coat of mail that can turn the point of even that tempered blade. There are several kinds of beetles whose horny covering is thus sword-proof. I have seen a robber-fly drop a *Buprestis*—the pretty gold-and-green beetle that boys call "coat-tails"—after many vain attempts to force its proboscis through the beetle's hard coat.

SAMUEL FRANCIS AARON.

Robber-flies are indeed, as one entomologist expresses it, "inhuman" murderers. They spare not even their own species, so that they are worse than murderers—they are true cannibals. Persons engaged in bee-culture know them as bee-killers.



"NEVER DID KNIGHTS-ERRANT CHARGE MORE GALLANTLY."



9 "BECAUSE WE  
WANT TO KNOW"  
??????????????

St. Nicholas  
Union Square,  
New York

#### DISTINGUISHING THE SWALLOWS.

ATTLEBORO, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you kindly send me any information you can regarding distinguishing swallows? I am all mixed up. For instance, some scientists claim that tree-swallows have green backs, others that they have blue backs, etc. Do you think you can straighten me out? If so I will be greatly obliged to you. I am exceedingly interested in nature, and enjoy the Nature and Science department very much. I remain your constant reader,

ALBERT F. HILL.

If you would remember the tree-swallow by its other common name, the white-bellied swallow, your difficulty would be solved at once. You may call the upper part steel-blue or steel-green, but the white under parts will always distinguish it.



THE TREE, OR WHITE-BELLIED, SWALLOW.

It is very easy to remember the barn-swallow. Hay-forks are used in the barn; this swallow has a very conspicuously forked tail. Remember also that the farmers get much hay down in the meadows; you often see barn-swallows flying low over these meadows for insects. Keep in mind also that the under parts are of chocolate-color.

On the upper edge of an excavated bank by the roadside there is a dark layer of soil and vegetation. There is

a dark band across the breast of the bank-swallow. That is easy to remember. The rough-winged is much the same as the bank-swallow, except that it has no dark band on the breast. The color is a sooty brown.



THE BARN-SWALLOW.

There is a steel lightning-rod on the brown shingles of the old farm-house; there is a bright steel-blue patch on the brown breast of the eaves-swallow. The tail is almost as square as the end of the roof. The light spot on the rump you may also remember.



THE BANK-SWALLOW.

This swallow builds a queer gourd-shaped nest of mud hanging mouth downward under the eaves of the barn. This nest, made of pellets of mud, is very interesting, as it is nicely adapted to the slant of the eaves and to the boards or rafters on which it is fastened. It is also very interesting to watch these swallows on muddy shores rolling up pellets of mud.

Take your note-book and write in it a list of the principal members of a few of these confusing families. Against the name of each bird in the list put the chief characteristics as stated in any good bird-book. Four families at least should be treated in this way: the swallows, the sparrows, the vireos, and the warblers.



THE EAVES-SWALLOW AND ITS NEST.

#### AN INSECT ON THE GOLDENROD.

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I found this insect I am sending you, at Buffalo Lithia Springs, Virginia, in the woods on the same spray of goldenrod. I am afraid it is a little too hard for me to draw, so I will send it to you and let you copy it. I don't know anything about it except that it is very beautiful, but I should like to know its name very much. Yours truly,

JANET WEIL.

This is one of the family of ambush-bugs (*Phymatidae*). The particular variety you send is the *Phymata erosa*, commonly known as the

bee-slayer. It takes this name from the fact that it lies in wait in sunflowers, goldenrod, and some other yellow flowers, for small bees, which it captures with its grasping front legs. Then it pierces the bee with its sucking-beak and extracts the juices.

It is interesting to note that this insect-murderer hides itself so that it may jump out and seize its prey. The robber-fly, described by Mr. Aaron in this number of Nature and Science, prefers to attack its prey openly.

Many insects, as well as other and larger forms of animal life, resemble their surroundings for protection. This is called by scien-

much to know how much food to give him and how warm or cold he should be kept.

Your interested reader,  
MAURICE H.  
STEVENS.

P.S. Please tell me also, if you can, whether it hurts him to put him in water.



THE CHAMELEON.

The club-shaped tongue of the chameleon is unlike that of any other animal. The chameleon can dart this tongue out with marvelous quickness and take in an insect by aid of the sticky material on the end of the tongue. The food consists of spiders and almost any kind of insect. Cockroaches, beetles, meal-worms, other insects and spiders can be obtained in the winter. It is not necessary to feed it frequently. It has considerable powers of fasting. The chameleon should be kept in a vivarium, at medium temperature.

Do not put the chameleon in water. As a rule it will not drink from any vessel. Sprinkle water in the vivarium, and the reptile will take a drop here and there.



A BEAUTIFUL INSECT OF PREY ON THE GOLDENROD.

tists "protective resemblance." This insect resembles its surroundings for advantages in attacking other insects. This is called "aggressive resemblance."

In September you may easily find these ambush-bugs. They are plentiful especially on goldenrod. If you find them on other flowers, especially on those not yellow, please write to ST. NICHOLAS about it.

## THE CHAMELEON.

LYNN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a chameleon which I got only two days ago. He seemed rather weak yesterday and would only lap things like sugar and chocolate from the end of my finger. I killed a fly, and he barely stuck out his tongue to take it in. To-day a fly was given him, and he grabbed it so quickly that the boy who gave it to him jumped back. He did not suspect that the chameleon would do any different from what he did yesterday. Nobody knew whether he stuck out his tongue or not, he did it so quickly. I should like very

## THE OPOSSUM AND ITS SCIENTIFIC NAME.

ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have an opossum, which I keep in a large cage. The first few days I had him he was very much frightened, but now he will eat out of my hand. He eats apples, potatoes, onions, and persimmons. He does n't eat like a pig, but holds the food in his paw. To what family of quadrupeds does he belong? Is it Latin names that are given to birds and other animals? Who gives these names and why are



THE OPOSSUM.

they used? Thanking you in advance, I remain your affectionate reader of Nature and Science in the St. NICHOLAS,

EARLE R. GREENE.

The opossum belongs to the family *Didelphidae*. The particular kind you have is probably the *Didelphys virginiana*, the common opossum of the United States.

The scientific Latin or Latinized names are given by various scientific people — usually the first discoverer or the one who first scientifically describes the particular variety. The first part of the name indicates the family and the second the particular member. This is just the reverse of people's names. Thus your *last* name shows the family and the first the particular individual. In scientific naming the second name does not mean an individual but a particular variety. Please read the chapter "The Need of Scientific Names" in Professor Weed's "The Insect World," page 28.

#### THE MANY-COLORED AND BENEFICIAL LADYBUGS.

CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day when I was picking nasturtiums I saw an insect that looked exactly like a



A FEW OF THE MANY FORMS OF LADYBUGS.

ladybug, except it was pink. It was on a pink nasturtium, and I would like to know if ladybugs can change color.

Your loving reader,

ALAN W. LUKENS (age 10).

Your question implies that pink is an unusual color. On the contrary, pink or light red and all shades of red are very common colors for these very beneficial insects. They are usually red or yellow with black spots; or black with white, red, or yellow spots. They do not change color, but each species has its own color and markings. Professor Comstock tells us:

Ladybugs feed upon small insects and upon the eggs of larger species. The larvæ of certain species are known as "niggers" by hop-growers, and are greatly prized by them; for they are very destructive to the hop-louse. On the Pacific coast the ladybugs are well known as the most beneficial of all insects to the fruit-growers. Nothing more wonderful has been accomplished in economic entomology than the subduing in California of the cottony cushion-scale by the introduction from Australia of a ladybug, *Vedalia*, which feeds upon it.

#### THE STAG-BEETLE.

THE KNOWLE,  
MAIDENHEAD, ENG-  
LAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you to-day a beetle my brother found crawling up the wall in our garden. It looks something like the Hercules-beetle on page 750 of Nature and Science for June, 1902.

Your loving reader,  
GABRIEL ADELAIDE  
McLELLAN  
(age 11).



THE STAG-BEETLE.

Drawn from the specimen sent by the writer of this letter.

This is the common stag-beetle of England, and takes its name from the fact that the long mandibles (or jaws, perhaps you call them) are branched like the antlers of the stag.

#### A VERY BEAUTIFUL BEETLE.

OSHKOSH, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: With this mail we send a beetle we found in our house. I don't see how it could get in, as we have screens at every window. I think the coloring on the back and the under part of the body is beautiful. I would be glad if you would tell me the name of this beetle and something about it.

Respectfully yours,

WARREN B. SMITH.

The beetle sent is the ground-searcher (*Calosoma scrutator*), of which Professor Comstock states:

This is one of the larger and more beautiful of our ground-beetles; it has green or violet wing-covers, margined with reddish, and the rest of the body is marked with violet blue, gold, green, and copper. This beetle has been known to climb trees in search of caterpillars.

What a marvelous combination of colors in one insect! Of course its beauty cannot be shown in the accompanying outline illustration, but it will assist other young folks in identifying this species of beetle.



THE BEAUTIFUL GROUND-SEARCHER BEETLE.

SEPTEMBER 1903

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

LIVE TO LEARN AND LEARN TO LIVE

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY EDGAR DANIELS, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

## SEPTEMBER.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 13).

THE summer is dying, the  
hours quickly flying,  
The blue sky is cloudless,  
the sunset is red;  
The fruits of the harvest are  
mellow and golden,  
A brook ripples softly—and  
summer is dead!

Hurrah for gay autumn, hur-  
rah for September!  
Hurrah for her fruits—'t is  
a generous store!

Three cheers for vacation—  
too soon we exchange it  
For school and its study, its  
books, and its lore!

Good-by to fair summer, her  
games and her pleasures;  
Farewell to our favorite  
places and nooks;  
But though we regret that vaca-  
tion is over,  
Let's welcome the time that  
we give to our books!

THE September competi-  
tions have proved most popu-  
lar. A larger number of poems  
were received than in any com-  
petition for some time past,  
and the average of merit was  
very high. The editor did not  
realize that so many young  
people could write such musi-  
cal little lullaby songs. Per-  
haps we shall have another  
lullaby competition next year.

The prose subject, "My Fa-  
vorite Episode in History,"  
was one of the most popular



"A CARICATURE, MARK TWAIN." BY DENYS WORT-  
MAN, JR., AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

we have ever had, and the con-  
tributions were of a surpris-  
ingly high order of merit. In-  
deed, our historical subjects  
have been so popular that we  
shall have them much oftener  
in future. The "Favorite Epi-  
sode in History" will be re-  
peated at once, and all contri-  
butions on Roll of Honor No. 1  
will be held, unless recalled  
by the authors, and entered in  
the second competition. The  
authors may substitute some-  
thing else should they choose  
to do so.

One feature of the drawing  
competition this month proved  
a surprise. Of the caricatures  
of famous living Americans  
received, by far the greater  
number were of Mark Twain,  
the good gray humorist, whom,  
it seems, all the children, as  
well as their parents, have  
learned to know and love. It  
appears curious that a writer  
who has by design done so  
little work for children should  
have won so large a share of  
their regard. Perhaps, after  
all, the best way to do work  
for young people, as well as  
for old, is not to think or care  
whom it is for, but just do it  
well and truly and humanly.  
Mark Twain has done this,  
and in so doing has given joy  
to young and old of every  
English-speaking land.

Then great and small, long live us  
all!

Long live our good Mark Twain!  
And may we hear from him each year  
Again, and yet again!

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 45.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**Verse.** Gold badges, **Fanny R. Hill** (age 15), 22 Oakland Pl., Buffalo, N. Y., and **Helen Lombaert Scobey** (age 12), Lambertville, N. J.

Silver badges, **Marguerite Stuart** (age 15), 11 William St., Newark, N. Y., **Jane Meldrim** (age 13), Madison Sq., Savannah, Ga., and **Susan Warren Wilbur** (age 10), 325 Superior St., Oak Park, Ill.

**Prose.** Gold badges, **Elizabeth Parker** (age 16), 700 Alabama St., Bristol, Tenn., and **Mildred Newmann** (age 15), 227 East 99th St., New York City.

Silver badges, **Marjorie H. Sawyer** (age 13), 402 Elm St., Gardner, Mass., **Alfred Schwartz** (age 12), 341 East 3d St., New York City, and **Francis King Murray** (age 7), Box 112, Stanford University, Cal.

**Drawings.** Gold badges, **Edgar Daniels** (age 17), 19 Golf St., Dayton, Ohio, and **Denys Wortman, Jr.** (age 16), 20 Watson Ave., East Orange, N. J.

Silver badges, **Joseph McGurk** (age 17), 1442 N. 2d St., Philadelphia, Pa., **Margaret A. Dobson** (age 14), 2218 Oak St., Baltimore, Md., and **J. C. Prewitt** (age 12), Shelbyville, Ky.

**Photography.** Cash prize, **Hugo Graf** (age 15), 4545 N. Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Gold badge, **Charles Jackson** (age 14), 1636 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Silver badges, **Ruth P. Brown** (age 11), 899 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio, and **Claud Stanley Hyman** (age 10), 1608 E. Colfax Ave., Denver, Col.

**Wild-animal and Bird Photography.** First prize, "Bear," **Fritz Haserick** (age 13), 176 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. Second prize, "Bluebird and young," **Kenneth Howie** (age 17), 306 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Third prize, "Opossum," **William P. Anderson** (age 12), Cecilton, Md.

**Puzzle-making.** Gold badges, **Elizabeth T. Harned** (age 13), Secane, Del. Co., Pa., and **Eleanor Marvin** (age 15), 1 S. Spring St., Pensacola, Fla.

Silver badges, **Jean Herbet** (age 15), 1 Rue Carbé, Paris, France, and **Elizabeth Keen** (age 12), Ridley Park, Del. Co., Pa.

**Puzzle-answers.** Gold badges, **Elliot Quincy Adams** (age 14), 36 Emery St., Medford, Pa., and **Annie C. Smith** (age 14), 123 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Louise K. Cowdrey** (age 15), 143 W. 80th St., New York City, and **Lester M. Beattie** (age 15), 120 E. Main St., Norwalk, Ohio.

Any League member who has broken or lost the League badge may obtain a new one on application. This does not apply to prize badges.

## LULLABY.

BY FANNY R. HILL (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

Oh, hush thee, my baby; the great world is sleeping,  
And night soars above us with black, drooping wings;  
Let no fears come nigh thee, for mother is by thee,  
And sweetly and softly a lullaby sings.

Oh, close, drowsy eyelids, now; close them, my baby,  
And let thy fair head on the pillow repose;  
Then sleep will steal softly and lure thee to dreamland.  
Oh, hush thee, my darling! thy tired eyes close!

The cool wind comes murmuring down through the valley,

Whispering low as it rustles along,

Swaying the long grass all dripping  
with dewdrops,  
And hushing the world with its low,  
sweet song.

Oh, hush thee, my baby! the shadows  
are deep'ning;

The night-wind's cool breathing will  
soothe thee to rest.

May heaven defend thee and sweet  
sleep attend thee,  
And God's holy angels watch over  
thy rest!

## MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY MILDRED NEWMANN (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

IT was in 1862 that the era of iron-clad vessels first began. For hundreds, indeed thousands, of years before, nothing but wooden ships had ever been used, and these were thought sufficient for every emergency. But this state of affairs was not to last much longer, as the wondering people soon found out.

On March 8, while supreme quiet was reigning at Fortress Monroe, and while the "Congress" and "Cumberland" and various other Union vessels were lazily sailing around the bay, the

iron-clad "Merrimac" suddenly made its appearance at Hampton Roads and sailed into their midst.

This vessel had formerly been the Confederate ship "Virginia," but it had been entirely covered with a coat of iron, renamed the Merrimac, and sent out to destroy the Union fleet at anchor here.

She now opened fire at once on the Cumberland, and a terrible struggle ensued, in which the heavy iron-clad monster came off victorious. When she had succeeded in demolishing and sinking the Cumberland, she began an attack on the Congress, which soon met with a similar fate.

But all this was nothing to what was yet to come.

The next morning was hazy, and a mist pervaded the length of the bay. But gradually it cleared and the Merrimac made her way up from Norfolk Harbor (where she had anchored for the night) into the bay, preparatory to an attack on the "Minnesota." But what an odd sight met her captain's vision! There,



"A CARICATURE, ANDREW CARNEGIE." BY JOSEPH MCGURK, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)





"A SUNNY CORNER." BY HUGO GRAF, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)

alongside of the Minnesota, stood the strangest-looking craft ever seen. Its long iron deck was all that was to be seen above water, and on top of that was a round, revolving turret, carrying two eleven-inch guns. It seemed, as indeed the Confederate commander called it, "a cheese-box on a raft."

The Merrimac, as if in disdain of it, opened fire on the Minnesota; but this state of proceedings did not satisfy the "Monitor" (as the strange vessel was called), so, darting out from under her lee, she hurled at the Merrimac two one hundred and sixty-six pound balls. The Merrimac poured in a broadside, but, having brought no shot heavy enough to compete with an iron vessel, the shells either glanced off or went sizzling into the water. A terrible conflict ensued. At last ironclad had met ironclad, and the result was one of the most decisive and terrific battles of the war.

Blow followed blow and volley followed volley, until at last the spectators on shore saw that the stern of the Merrimac was lagging and that she was leaking decidedly in several places.

In a few moments she ceased firing and began to sail slowly out of the bay.

So this great vessel, that had come in so proudly and defiantly like the giant Goliath of old, went out defeated and humiliated by the David of modern times, the Monitor.

#### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY ELIZABETH PARKER (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

THERE is one episode in history which made a great impression on me the first time I remember hearing about it, and that impression has not been lost or even become fainter in the years that have passed since.

It happened in July, 1776, when a group of men, the representatives of the American people, were gathered together about a table, signing their names to that great work known as the Declaration of Independence.

Among the last to come forward was a man from Maryland, and after writing his name, Charles Carroll, one of the others said to him, "If England ever gets us in her power we are sure to be hung as traitors. But there are other men in the colonies by the name of Charles Carroll, so you have more of a chance to escape."

For a moment there was silence; then Carroll picked up the pen and after his signature wrote the words: "Of Carrollton"—the only man in all those fifty-six to tell the name of the town in which he lived.

Other things, perhaps, of far more importance to the world have taken place than when Charles Carroll wrote the name of his town after his own; but the remembrance of his unselfishness and bravery will



"BEAR." BY FRITZ HASERICK, AGE 13. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

ever be treasured in my mind as an evidence of those qualities which I most admire.

### A SCOTCH LULLABY.

BY HELEN LOMBAERT SCOBEY (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

AH, bairnie, noo the moon's coom up,  
The sun will shine nae mair;  
'T is noo the bats and owls fly oot,  
And foxes leave their lair.

The fairies and the pixies, too,  
Coom slippin' doon the brae,  
And roond their wee and bonny queen  
Will dance until the day.

What wad ye do if it were morn,  
With all so gay and licht?  
Ye 'd sune be tired of fun and play,  
And greetin' for the nicht.

The silver lily's closed her bells,  
Sae, bairnie, gae to rest;  
The tired birdies are asleep  
Beneath their mither's breast.

### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY MARJORIE H. SAWYER (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

"OH, Mellicent," cried Arthur, as he shut his book, "tell me a story, won't you? I'm so tired of reading!" Mellicent laid her book on the table and slipped down on the fur rug in front of the fire by Arthur.

"Well, now," she said, "about what shall I tell you?"

"Oh, I know," said Arthur; "that book you were reading the other day. Kenil-something."

"You mean Kenilworth, don't you?" said Mellicent, laughing; and, as Arthur nodded assent, she began:

"You know, Queen Elizabeth was one of the most noted sovereigns of England. She was not very pretty, but she was vain and fond of splendor and adulation, and often traveled about the country with a gorgeous retinue.

"One time she visited Kenilworth Castle, owned by the Earl of Leicester, and I will tell you about that event.

"When Elizabeth approached the castle the earl went out to meet her. He was dressed in white, with a jeweled sword, and mounted on a black horse; and he must have looked so splendid!" And Mellicent's eyes grew dreamy as she wished she could have been there.

"Is that all?" inquired

Arthur, in a disappointed tone. "Does your interesting story end there?"

"Oh, dear me, no," laughed Mellicent, and she went on.

"There was a little lake in the castle garden, and when Elizabeth went down there, a small island came



"BLUEBIRD AND YOUNG." BY KENNETH HOWIE, AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

floating up the lake, and when it reached land, a beautiful maiden sprang off, and told in a song that she was the Lady of the Lake.

"The next day Elizabeth watched a battle between men dressed as the Romans and old pagan tribes of Britain. These men fought with blunt spears only, so they could not be seriously wounded.

"Of course this display cost a large sum of money, for the men had to be paid for taking the parts and the costumes procured.

"One sad thing marred the gaiety, and that was the death of the Countess of Leicester, the beautiful Amy Robsart, secretly married to the earl.

"The queen had shown Leicester so much favor that Varney, the earl's attendant, believed she would marry him.

"But, as Leicester was already married, Varney brought about the death of Amy Robsart, so Leicester could marry Elizabeth; for, if he rose, Varney would also.

"However, Varney died soon after.

"But Leicester never married Elizabeth."

Mellicent paused and looked at Arthur, who had been very still.

He was sound asleep!



"OPOSSUM." BY WILLIAM F. ANDERSON, AGE 12. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



## SEPTEMBER.

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MARGARET A. DOBSON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY—BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

BY ALFRED SCHWARTZ (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

In the spring of 1777 a British general named Burgoyne started from Canada with a force of eight thousand picked men. He came down Lake Champlain and captured Fort Ticonderoga.

The object of this trip was to get entire control of the State of New York and the Hudson River, and thus cut off New England from the rest of the colonies. New England was then "the head of the rebellion."

But to cut off New England from the rest of the colonies was more easily said than done; for General Schuyler, one of the heroes of Bunker Hill, cut down bridges and felled trees across the roads in the forests, and did everything which helped to do injury to the British troops. Then, to add to their misfortunes, provisions began to give out.

Burgoyne sent a force of a thousand men to get more. Colonel John Stark, with a small force, met the enemy. This was on August 16, 1777. Stark defeated the British so badly that not even a hundred out of the thousand ever got back to Burgoyne. This was a great victory, as it shut off all Burgoyne's supplies.

The Americans then fell back to Bemis Heights, near Saratoga, and here General Gates took command. Burgoyne marched steadily forward and was repeatedly attacked by the Americans. Both armies threw up breastworks near the heights and prepared for the decisive battle. The next day the British made a desperate charge upon the

"bluecoats," but were repulsed and driven back with severe loss.

Burgoyne fell back into his breastworks with his defeated army. For two weeks both armies lay in their intrenchments. The British had the alternative of starvation or fight. Burgoyne decided on the latter. Both sides fought desperately, but the Americans gained the victory.

The British were driven into Saratoga, and seeing that escape was impossible, Burgoyne surrendered his whole army to General Gates. This was a great victory, and was largely due to the fighting of Benedict Arnold's and Daniel Morgan's sharpshooters.



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY CHARLES JACKSON, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

## LULLABY.

BY MARGUERITE STUART (AGE 15).

*(Silver Badge.)*

HUSHABY, baby, the sun's in the west;  
The robin is seeking his high, breezy nest;  
The twilight is here, and  
the world is at rest—  
Hushaby, baby, my own.

Hushaby, baby, high up in  
the tree  
Now rustles the night-  
wind, with sound like  
the sea.  
The sandman is coming—  
from dreamland is he;  
Hushaby, baby, my own.

Hushaby, baby, the stars  
light the sky,  
Night, with her swift-flying  
steeds, draweth nigh,  
And, borne by white  
horses, the moon rid-  
eth high—  
Hushaby, baby, my own.

Hushaby, baby, no harm  
can betide;  
Thy mother is watching,  
thy cradle beside.  
Hushaby, baby, my dar-  
ling, my pride,  
Hushaby, baby, my own.



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY CLAUD STANLEY HYMAN,  
AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

## WOODLAND LULLABY.

BY SUSAN WARREN WILBUR (AGE 10).

*(Silver Badge.)*

WOODLAND shadows slowly length'ning  
Tell that even-time is near;  
All the birdies cease their singing,  
So that silence reigneth here,  
Only for the dreamy sighing  
Of the night-wind through the trees,  
Only for the cricket's chirping,  
Wafted onward by the breeze.

Baby, in thy downy cradle,  
Listen to the lullaby;  
Fairest nature's softly singing  
In the sleeping forest nigh.

All the little birds are resting  
In the swaying nests above;  
Wander thou to happy dreamland,  
Mother's dainty baby, love.

## A LULLABY.

BY JANE MELDRIM (AGE 13).

*(Silver Badge.)*

SLEEP, sleep, oh, little one, sleep,  
In the cottage by the sea,  
While the wild, wild waves are singing  
Their songs to you and me.

Oh, it is well that our cottage  
Is built on a bluff so high,  
For the ocean is cruel and stormy,  
And there's lightning in the sky.

Sleep, sleep, oh, little one, sleep,  
While the storm is lulling outside;  
For now it is light, and the fears of the night  
Have ebbed away with the tide.

Well may you smile while sleeping,  
For out upon yon blue sea  
Is the noble ship of your  
father,  
Sailing home to you and  
me.

MY FAVORITE EPI-  
SODE IN HISTORY.BY FRANCIS KING MUR-  
RAY (AGE 7).*(Silver Badge.)*

CAPTAIN SUTTER was  
the first discoverer of gold  
in California; he built a  
sawmill down by a river.  
The sawmill worked by  
water, but the river was  
not deep enough for the  
wheel to turn around. So  
one of his men, named  
Marshal, was digging to  
make it deeper, and while  
he was digging he saw some  
little yellow things. So  
he got on his horse and  
he rode back to the place  
where he was staying. And  
he wanted to see Captain  
Sutter alone, and to pull  
down the shades, and to give him a pair of scales. And  
then he poured the little yellow things out on the table, and  
they weighed them, and they found out that it was gold.  
So they hired some Indians to dig for gold for them.



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY RUTH F. BROWN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY J. C. PREWITT, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

One day a man went to the sawmill, and they told him the secret and gave him some gold. After that the secret spread as fire in a field would. So in about a month the land was covered with tents and people.

#### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY LOUISE EDGAR (AGE 15).

I THINK that my favorite episode in history, one of the greatest and most remarkable battles that has ever been fought, is the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay.

Long before daybreak Sunday morning, May 1, 1898, the American squadron, under the command of Commodore Dewey, sailed into Manila harbor past the fortifications, and lay waiting for daylight.

It must have been a splendid sight in the landlocked bay of Manila when it became light enough for the opposing forces to discover each other, lying under the great guns of the fortifications and with the towers and church spires of the city dimly seen in the distance.

The American squadron consisted of six ships, a despatch-boat, and a steamer used as a collier. The Spanish fleet, under the command of Admiral Montejó, consisted of fourteen ships and gunboats.

Although the Spanish had more vessels, they were not as powerful in size or armament as the American ships. The exhibition of the deadly accuracy of the American marksmanship was without comparison in naval history, while the Spanish gunners, who knew the harbor perfectly, were unable to seriously injure any of our ships.

The Spanish fought with desperation, but such a remorseless fire was poured into their ships that at forty minutes past twelve o'clock their ships were all sunk or so badly injured as to be unmanageable.

This great victory filled the world with amazement and admiration, for by it the Spanish lost one thousand men killed, six hundred wounded, fourteen ships completely destroyed, and vast stores of coal, guns, and supplies, together with a great colonial possession of enormous wealth and natural resources: while the

victors had not a single man killed and but seven wounded, their ships were almost uninjured, and they had established the superiority of the disciplined, intelligent American seamen over the undisciplined but brave Spaniards.

#### NOTICE.

Any reader of St. NICHOLAS is entitled to League membership and to a League badge on application.

#### A LULLABY.

BY DOROTHY STEVENS  
(AGE 14).

Now the evening stars  
are peeping,

O'er the land the twilight falls;

Birds and flowers all are sleeping,  
And the cricket chirps and calls.

In the west the red sun sinking  
Gilds the river with its glow;



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY ALICE G. BRIDGEMAN, AGE 17.

Baby's dewy eyes are blinking,  
Soon to dreamland he must go.

Echoes round us now are crying;  
Hush, my baby, do not fear.  
Listen to the zephyrs sighing,  
"Day is done and night is here."



## THE LULLABY OF THE WIND.

BY MABEL FLETCHER (AGE 16).

The long lean arms of the tulip-tree  
Stretch upward to the sky;  
The wind through the tower of the old brick school  
Crooneth a lullaby.

"Cold is the gleam of the silver stars  
In the sea-blue depths above;  
Warm is the heart that covereth thee,  
Beating with mother-love.  
In the caves the rain-crow calls again—  
Sleep, oh, sleep, thou little brown wren!"

On the writhing boughs of the tulip-tree  
The sun-parched leaflets sigh;  
The wind as it comes from the silent tower  
Chanteth its lullaby.

"Gone is the gleam of the silver stars,  
The storm-clouds rage above;  
But warm is the heart that covereth thee,  
Beating with mother-love.  
Burrow thine eyes from the storm away—  
Sleep, oh, sleep, thou little blue jay!"



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY MARJORIE PARKS, AGE 12.

## LULLABY.

BY MARY CLARA TUCKER (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge Winner.)

'T WAS one evening in September that I wandered all  
alone

In a quiet, shady garden, grieved that summer days  
had flown.

As I walked along I listened; from afar there came a  
sigh,

Came some sweet and plaintive music—'t was an  
evening lullaby.

Yet 't was naught save gentle zephyrs as they wandered  
here and there,

Vainly calling back the flowers, roses bright and lilies  
fair;

Or the twittering of the sparrows as they flew to  
trees near by:

But to me 't was sweetest music, for 't was  
nature's lullaby.

And I thought how, when we 're weary and  
our life becomes a care,

When we 're dreaming of the happiness we  
vainly long to share,



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY HELEN A. SCRIBNER, AGE 16.

Or when we long for sympathy and no dear friends are  
nigh,

We 'll be soothed to rest and comfort just by nature's  
lullaby—

Soothed to peace and rest and comfort just by  
nature's lullaby.

## MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY CARRIE A. DOKE (AGE 17).

In looking back over the history of the various  
nations known to the ancient world, we find some sig-  
nificance attached to each name—some link binding it  
to the world of to-day. As Rome was the source of  
law and Athens represents the highest civilization the  
world has ever seen, so the name of the Spartan soldier  
has ever been the synonym of courage and bravery.  
With the object of making a nation of skilful soldiers  
who should despise danger and suffering, the Spartan  
boys were trained in courage and physical endurance  
from their earliest childhood. How well they suc-  
ceeded is shown by the long Spartan military supremacy.  
Their bravery and devotion to duty were never more  
clearly shown than in the famous battle of Thermop-  
ylæ.

During the celebration  
of the Olympian games,  
Leonidas, the King  
of Sparta, and a  
small band of



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY ELISE DONALDSON, AGE 15.



# September

"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY  
SAMUEL DAVIS OTIS, AGE 13.

Spartans and Athenians were left to hold the pass of Thermopylae against the vast army of Xerxes. For two days the Persians stormed the pass in vain; even the Ten Thousand Immortals failed.

But all the bravery of the Spartans was useless because of the treachery of one of their own countrymen, who betrayed to Xerxes a path leading over the mountains. While Leonidas, with his companions, was beating back the enemy in front, word was brought to him that Xerxes, with a part of his force, was descending the path in the rear. Seeing that all was lost, Leonidas dismissed the allies, and, with his little band of devoted Spartans, died in defending the pass which had been intrusted to him.

This was the Spartan idea of glory and honor. They were men who preferred death to military dishonor—a noble defeat to a retreat to safety. There is more glory in such a defeat than in the most brilliant victory under other circumstances. This battle is considered the most splendid example of courage, patriotism, and loyalty ever known to the world. The story of Leonidas and his brave companions has been told in every language and every country for over two thousand years, and will be told as long as stories of heroism and courage are read and admired.

## A LULLABY.

BY DOROTHEA M. DEXTER (AGE 14).

THE sky shines rosy in the west,  
The summer day is done;  
Now echoes 'mid the twilight sounds  
The single evening gun.

Far different from the gentle songs  
Which cradle in their nest  
Our wee home birds; and yet that gun  
Brings to one child his rest.



"A SUNNY CORNER." BY JAMES W. YOUNG, AGE 17.

The soldier's child within the tent  
Is listening drowsily,  
While the great gun booms his lullaby  
Over the sounding sea.

He falls asleep, and slowly then,  
With one last mutter low,  
The gun is stilled; the little child,  
Hushed by its echo slow,

Is drifting toward that dreamland dear  
Where fairyland comes nigh;  
And the gun is silenced, duty done.  
Such is his lullaby.

## LULLABY.

BY MARY WHITE POUND (AGE 9).

ROCKABY, baby,  
Rockaby, dear;

The roses are blooming,  
And summer is here.

Rockaby, baby,  
Come, sleep for me,  
dear;  
Mother robin is singing  
A lullaby clear.

Rockaby, baby,  
Rockaby, dear;  
The summer is going,  
And autumn is near.

## LULLABY.

BY ELSA FALK (AGE 15).

THE day is done;  
The weary sun  
Has gone—has gone to rest.  
The chickadee,  
The gay pewee,  
Have flown—flown to their nest.

In woodland bowers  
The little flowers  
Are all asleep—asleep;  
The cowslips tall,  
The daisies small,  
Repose in slumber deep.

The silvery moon  
Is coming soon  
To see that all is right—

And from afar  
A twinkling star  
Bids you "Good night—good night."

## LULLABY.

BY MILDRED STANLEY  
FLECK (AGE 8).

THE flowers and birds are  
now at rest,  
So sleep, my dear, upon  
my breast,  
By-by,  
Hushaby,  
God he watcheth with loving eye.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY JOHN MOEHLER, AGE 13.

The moon and stars are wide  
awake,  
But sleep, my dear, till day  
doth break,  
By-by,  
Hushaby,  
God he watcheth with loving  
eye.

The earth lies still through-  
out the night  
Till day bursts forth in gold-  
en light,  
By-by,  
Hushaby,  
God he watcheth with loving  
eye.

## LETTERS.

WHITE MARSH, VA.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take  
you and I like you very much. It is hard to wait until the next month  
comes around, I want to see you so badly. There are some very  
handsome houses in this county, many of which are historic. The  
Declaration of Independence was written in one of the rooms of this



"THE DOLLIES' LESSON." BY EMILY GRACE HANKS, AGE 16.

house. It was first read on top of the house. The roof was then  
flat, and there were two cupolas on it.

Hoping you will print my letter, I am

Your devoted reader, NELLIE TAYLOR (age 9).

ST. ALBANS, CHRISTCHURCH,  
NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for  
only two months, and I like you very much, espe-  
cially the League. I enjoyed reading Douglas  
M. Terry's letter on Sydney's Commonwealth  
very much, as I lived there for eight years, and  
left for Melbourne just before the Common-  
wealth. Father is helping my sister and me with  
the "Old Umbrella Windmill," the story of  
which is published in your October number. I  
live such a long way off that I cannot send in  
the puzzles, but I like trying to work them out  
for myself. Father has a volume of you that is  
twenty-six years old, and I took such an interest  
in you that father has taken you for me. I was  
born in Melbourne, and left for Sydney a year  
later. We were in Melbourne six months the  
second time, then in Wellington eighteen months,  
and have been here two months. Now I must  
close. Your little reader,

MAY E. BROTHERS (age 11).

JENNINGS, PAWNEE CO., OKLA.  
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought, perhaps,

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## SEPTEMBER.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 11.

some of your Eastern members would like to hear a little about the  
Oklahoma and Indian Territory Indians. This I will tell them, if I  
am not crowded out of the Letter-box.

I am situated between the Osage and Sac and Fox Indians, and  
about the time you read this their "Green-corn Dance" will be  
"happening." This is an annual occurrence, and begins when  
"roasting ears" are most plentiful, and lasts from two weeks to a  
month and a half. As they go along they buy up all the roasting  
ears they can find, and take them up to the Osage country.

Another habit of the Indian is to have just what he wants; and  
when one gets a thing they all must have it. For instance, one time  
when a band of them came to our town an Indian went into a certain  
store and saw a bolt of velvet (\$1.50 a yard) on the counter. After he  
bought some, he brought in some more Indians and they bought  
some. This continued until the whole bolt was gone.

Notwithstanding their reputation to be warlike, they are generally  
very peaceable. Yours fraternally, ROSCOE ADAMS (age 14).

Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from  
Annie L. Johnson, Mary Wend, Elsa Van Nes, Madeline Dillay,  
Hatty, Marion Farnsworth, Bertie B. Regester, Phoebe Wilkinson,  
Harriette Kyler Pease, Lucy Mackenzie, Doris Hackbusch, Edith  
Clifford, Rose Butler, Harriet Cagle, Rowena D. Warner, Mrs. U. D.  
Frisby, Florence L. Adams, Irma S. Prestinger, Miss Muriel Hazel  
Wright, Harry S. Vrooman, Jr., F. Marion Halkett, Dorothy Roland  
Halkett, Daisy James, Gertrude May Winston, Jessie Ladgate,  
George Schobinger, Howard G. Wertz.

## NEW LEAGUE CHAPTERS.

No. 667. "G. F. C." Veda Wood, President; Edna Wood,  
Secretary; twelve members. Address, 403 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

No. 668. Howard Wertz, President; seven members. Address,  
Peabody, Kansas.

No. 669. "S. A. D." Josephine Pitman, President; Cornelia  
Reilly, Secretary; four members. Address, Laconia, N. H.

No. 670. "T. P. C." Jess Hall, President; Elsa Van Nes,  
Secretary; four members. Address, Glendale, Ohio.

No. 671. Augustus Smith, Jr., President; Virginia Smith, Secre-  
tary; four members. Address, Box 152, Babylon, Long Island, N. Y.

No. 672. "Bayonne Girls." Harriet Walborn, President; Frances  
Storcken, Secretary; sixteen members. Address, Bayonne, N. J.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MARGERY FULTON, AGE 14.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY DOROTHY MOORE (AGE 17).

### THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

#### VERSE 1.

Harold R. Norris  
Alicia Ogden  
Wilkie Gilholm  
Aline Langford  
Mary McDermott  
Katharine Monica Burton  
Helen Chapin Moody  
Margaret Eleana Keim  
Rowena Arthur  
John Shelley Patterson  
Emily Rose Burt  
Margaret C. Hall  
Annie Johnson  
Florence Elizabeth Yoder  
Freda M. Harrison  
Eleanor Myers  
Eulalia H. Ridgeway  
Dorothy Allen  
Ray Randall  
Mary Blossom Bloss  
Margaret King  
Margaret Ewing  
Edna S. Holroyd  
S. K. Smith  
Florence L. Bain  
Edith M. Clark  
Doris Francklyn  
Anna Preston  
Clara E. Boyer  
Annie Crim  
Marguerite Beatrice Child  
Caroline Clinton Everett  
Ethell Oiratt Lewis  
Wynonah Breazale  
Karl Springer Cate  
Gertrude May Winstone  
Harriet Gage  
Agnes Churchill Lacy  
Christine Graham  
Eleanor Barbour  
Allene Gregory  
Maud Dudley Shackelford  
Marjorie Verschyle Betts  
Eleanor Linton  
Elizabeth F. White  
Mary Venia Westcott  
Blanche H. Leeming  
Dorothy Coit  
Nannie C. Barr  
Frederick A. Coates  
Dorothy Walker  
Margaret Lay Barber  
Ethelwyn Harris  
Martha Keim  
Marjorie Wellington

#### VERSE 2.

Rachel W. Crane  
Helen Winstone  
Harriette Irene Baer

Helen Spear  
Dorothy Russell Lewis  
Leigh Sowers  
Mary E. Winslow  
Belle Butler  
Genevieve Robinson  
Marjorie Martin  
Elizabeth Luchars  
Dorothy Culver Mills  
Katharine Kurz  
Elaine Macdonald  
Margery Bennett  
Lillie Kiellenberg  
Virginia Jones  
Odette Growe  
Annie S. Ramsey  
Alice Margaret Ogden  
Gladys Ralston Britton  
Helen Greene  
Miriam A. De Ford  
Edhel Steinhilber  
Ebel Volland  
Conrad C. Aiken  
Swanhild Hummeland  
Freda L. Keys  
Walter S. Marvin  
Edith Julia Ballou

Florence Short  
Carol S. Williams  
Edith M. Snelgrove  
Florence O'Donnell  
Mary E. Smyth  
Beryl Ingles  
Bertie B. Regester  
Edith Odes  
Katharine E. Butler  
Helen Van Dyck  
Eleanor Jewett  
Marjorie Mhoon  
Thoda Cockraft  
Majel Buckstaff  
Rowena Morse  
Lydia Caroline Gibson  
Ethel B. Youngs  
Frances C. Minor  
Margaret E. Sloan  
Margaret Stevens  
Dorothy Rowland Swift  
Margaret C. Richey  
Dorothy Stott  
Lydia A. Crutchfield  
Bessie B. Styron  
Florence Forristall  
Greta du Pont Barksdale  
Alice Hanington  
Lynn Webster Meekins  
Edward H. Leete  
Robert H. P. Holden  
Georgiana Myers Sturdee  
Lois Gilbert Sutherland  
Elizabeth Wellington

Isabel Davidson Prickett  
Priscilla C. Goodwyn, Jr.  
Frances E. Gardner  
Herrick H. Harwood  
Mamie Lucile Doty  
Alice M. Perkins  
John B. Dempsey  
Ivy Varian Walsh  
Dorothea Gay  
Harold Douglas  
Allen Frank Brewer  
Dorothy Nicoll  
Katherine Ashby  
Elizabeth B. Simpson  
Helen Conant Munroe  
Cornelia R. Hinkley  
Mathilde M. Parbett  
Susy Fitz Simons  
Cyrena Van Syckel Martin  
Pauline Dutcher  
Margaret Wharton  
Howard Hosmer  
Emilie Ide  
Helen Mabry Boucher Bal-  
lard  
Eleanor P. Wheeler  
Amy Schechter  
Anna Sprague  
Emily E. Bond, Jr.  
Edwin A. Leonhard  
Mary Thompson  
Robert Lindley Murray  
Simon Cohen  
Elsa Clark

Helen M. Bradman  
Robert Powell Cotter  
Marion E. Lane  
Josephine Potter Davis  
Mary Grinnell  
Sidney H. Moise  
Elizabeth R. Eastman  
Eleanor S. Wilson  
George Miller  
Howard R. Clapp  
Robert Wheeler  
Hilda M. Ryan  
Helen E. Hackney  
Le Roy S. Foster  
Will Davis  
Edward Stafford  
Eleanor C. Hamill  
Laura A. Portman  
Philip Means  
Dorothy Douglas  
Nellie Long Foster  
Comeys  
Elizabeth R. Marvin

Dorothea Thompson  
M. Pauline A. Ralli  
E. S. Thornton  
Grace Parsons  
Eleanor Mason  
Dorothy Elizabeth True  
Dolores de Arozarena  
Helena Neva Curtis  
Eleanor Clifton  
Katharine L. Marvin  
Katharine P. Moore  
Mary Bartlett  
Alfred Redfield  
Alice Seabrook  
Alan M. Fairbank  
Anna Constance Hef-  
fern  
Lola Hall  
Edena Curry  
Helen W. Kennedy  
Virginia Hunt  
Mary R. Hull  
Mollie M. Cossart  
Hattie Hawley  
Katharine J. Bailey  
Alice C. Phillips  
Nina P. Skouses  
Dorothy McKee

#### DRAWINGS 1.

Florence Gardiner  
Henry Cohen  
Alice Josephine Goss  
Frances Mitchell  
Isadore Douglas  
Beverly Lambe  
Anna K. Stimson  
M. Frances Keeline  
Mary Ross  
Florence Mason  
Phoebe Hunter  
Mary P. Damon  
Mark Curtis Kinney  
Saidee E. Kennedy  
Herbert Clifford Jackson  
Florence Ewing Wilkinson  
Selma Swanson  
Raphael Mora, Jr.  
Miron Bunnell  
Newman Levy  
Theodore Wyman  
Signe Swanson  
May Lewis Close  
Melville Coleman Levey  
Margaret C. C. Brooks  
James Maloney  
Peirce Charles Johnson  
Katharine Thompson  
Reginald L. Whitman  
Helena B. Flynn  
John Sinclair  
Frances Chapin  
Elizabeth Robinson  
Margaret Windrop Peck  
Elizabeth Stockton  
Roger K. Lane  
Julia S. Lovejoy  
Summer Field Larcher  
Eleanor Hinton  
Margaret Peckham



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY JESSIE C. SHAW (AGE 16).

Maria L. Llano  
Helen Stroud  
Dorothy F. Smith  
Hattie Budd Hyde  
Georgie Louise Wass  
Harriet R. Fox

Amelia Louise Green  
Edith Sloan

#### PROSE 1.

Louise Taylor Preston  
E. Mortimer Wilmerding

#### PROSE 2.

Ruth Helen Brierly  
Juliet Whitton  
Lucie A. Dolan  
Lune Davis

Mildred C. Jones  
Eleanor Hollis Murdock  
Margery Bradshaw  
Ruth Felt

## DRAWINGS 2.

Melton R. Owen  
Dorothy Bedell  
Raymond R. Olson  
Grant Willard Pitbladdo  
Robert C. Benchley  
C. B. Edwards  
Dorothea Clapp  
Esther Parker  
H. De Veer  
Gladys G. Young  
Phoebe Wilkinson  
Richard A. Reddy  
Pira Wood  
Elizabeth A. Gest  
Don H. Davy  
Edna B. Youngs  
Irma Jessie Diescher  
Philip Little  
Emilie C. Flagg  
Marion K. Cobb  
Albert Elsner, Jr.  
Alice Hartich  
Eleanor K. Faget  
Vere B. Kupfer  
Harriet Park  
Margaret Deland  
Cordner H. Smith  
Aimee Vervaleu  
Zena Parker  
Henrie Olen  
Jerome Lilly  
Helen Clark Crane  
Ella E. Preston  
Helen Wilson Barnes  
Edith Plonsky  
Margaret Robertson  
Dorothy F. Howry  
Inez A. Rogers  
Joseph Charlart  
Kena Kellner  
Margaret McKeon  
Gretchen Walker  
Jessie Louise Taylor  
Emily W. Browne  
Margaret E. Nicholson  
Herman Witte  
Eleanor F. Town  
Ethel Messervy  
Allen Sage Wilber  
Othmar A. Weiss  
Atala T. Scudder  
Louise Holmes  
Milton Lee, Jr.  
Alison Strathy  
Muriel M. K. E. Douglas  
Marion Jacqueline Overton  
Margaret Jane Russell  
Marjory Anne Harrison  
Muriel Constance Evans  
Gustav H. Kaemmerling  
Guinevere H. Norwood  
Sidney Edward Dickinson  
Elizabeth M. Cooper  
Ruth M. Evans  
Nettie Wilson  
Louisa Hodge  
James J. Turner, Jr.  
Everett Snyder  
Hilda Bronson  
Katharine H. Toadvin

## PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Ridgely Fisher  
Reginald French  
Joseph F. Rumsey, Jr.  
Dorothy G. Brooks  
William Winfield Cobb, Jr.  
George F. Bliven  
Charles Fry, Jr.  
Frederic P. Humphreys  
Gertrude Matthews  
Philip S. Jamieson  
Martha D. McKechnie  
Harold Fowler Gerrard  
Stanley Cobb  
Eva Sherman  
Katherine E. Maloon

Bessie Harris  
Marion D. Freeman  
Helen R. Janeway  
Jerome M. Howard

## PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Ralph W. Howell  
Henry H. Hickman  
Effie M. Priest  
W. F. Harold Braun  
Helen McLaughlin  
L. Jacob  
Jessie Hewitt  
Florence R. T. Smith  
Donald F. Cranor  
Frances R. Porter  
Dorothy W. Stanton  
M. Constance Bentley  
Lesley Pearson  
Rose Wood  
Beatrice Howson  
Reginald F. Morgan  
Dorothy Brooks  
Feelira Varvaro  
Elizabeth Morrison  
Ruth Peirce Getchell  
Cyril B. Andrews  
John Fry  
Hildegard Allen  
Michael Heidelberger  
Mary Tate  
Florence L. Kenway  
Julia S. Howell  
George A. Priest  
Mary R. Paul  
Leslie Bradley  
N. W. Swayne  
Arthur Drummond  
Marguerite E. Schley  
Percy Cole  
Gertrude W. Smith  
Camilla A. Moore  
Ellsworth Scott  
Elizabeth Chapin  
Alice S. Cousins

## PUZZLES 1.

Marjorie Holmes  
Lucian Levison  
Nell G. Semlinger  
Jennie S. Milliken  
E. Adelaide Hahn  
Katharine H. Wead  
Samuel P. Haldenstein  
Catharine B. Hooper  
Morrison N. Stiles  
Helen Clark Perry  
Daisy James  
Tuckerman Day  
Richard Blücher

## PUZZLES 2.

Nellie Carter Dodd  
William Ellis Keyser  
Helen Jelliffe  
Madge Oakley  
Sarah W. Parker  
Frederick Doyle  
Eleanor C. French  
Philip H. Bunker  
Florence Hoyte  
Margaret C. Engle  
Philip Orme  
Lela Verne Parfrey  
J. Gordon Gilkey

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 48.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

**A Special Cash Prize.** To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded,

instead of another gold badge.

**Competition No. 48** will close **September 30** (for foreign members **September 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for December.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Title to contain the word "Christmas," or "Christmastime."

**Prose.** Article or story of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Title (repeated, see editorial), "My Favorite Episode in History."

**Photograph.** Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Happiness."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Home Sketch" and "A Heading for December."

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full. **Puzzle-answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**.

**Wild-animal or Bird Photograph.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

## RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced that the contribution is wholly the work and idea of the sender. Write or draw on one side of the paper only.

THE St. Nicholas League,  
Union Sq.,  
New York.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY F. MARION HALKETT (AGE 10).



"A TAILPIECE FOR SEPTEMBER." BY LEILAH G. NEWHALL (AGE 11).



## BOOKS AND READING.

**AN ECHO OF VACATION.** FOR a new competition we are going to ask our readers — any below eighteen — to write in 500 words a little story describing an imaginary vacation-trip of a week or less *into* some favorite book. Imagine that you had been invited by a book-character to pay a visit to him or her, and to stay or to travel in his or her company for a few days. Into what book would you prefer to go, with what character of that book would you spend your time, and in what happenings of the book would you take part? As a suggestion, you might travel with the Pickwick Club, with Captain Nemo of the "Nautilus," with Master Skylark, Robin Hood, Lord Fauntleroy, or our old friend Alice. Tell us what you saw and what you enjoyed, but do not write more than 500 words. So long as you make up the story and write it yourself, there is no objection to your asking older friends for hints.

For the best three stories received before September 25, 1903, there will be three prizes, — \$5.00, \$3.00, and \$2.00, — and the best story of all will be printed in this department. Address, Books and Reading, ST. NICHOLAS Magazine.

**CARING FOR YOUR BOOKS.** In nothing is it truer that "a stitch in time saves nine" than in the care of your good friends the books. Watch them, and as soon as signs of old age appear do your best to heal the ravages of time. A book-hospital might well be established in every household, so that the injured would receive "first aid" — the timely assistance that will prolong life and service. You will find the equipment of such a hospital a simple matter and not expensive. You will need a tube of paste, tough thin paper, strips of leather and of linen, water-colors, transparent gummed paper, and so on. With these at hand you may easily graduate into a competent book-surgeon. Torn leaves can be strengthened, backs can be reinforced, missing pages replaced, copying the text from another volume. Thus many a good book rescued from early dissolution may go on to an honored and useful old age. Remember that a book of good fiction is seldom like a

lump of chalk; the chalk is useful down to the last fragment, but a book rather resembles a soap-bubble, being often destroyed by the first injury.

**MOVABLE PAPER COVERS.** THERE is, of course, something repellent in the paper slip-cover. It is like a little girl wearing curl-papers or a boy in slippers, better suited for comfort and utility than for public display. But there is a time when the cover is excusable; and that is during the first reading of a book — while it is being carried about and left on tables, chairs, and window-seats, or even up in a tree. Then there is an excuse for the working-jacket, and it may be put on until the last page has been read. In this way you will have clean books and yet an attractive bookcase.

**IF BOOKS COULD TALK!** "WOULD N'T it be nice to have books made so that they would read themselves aloud!" said a young reader of this department to its editor. She was thinking that she would like to be read to sleep, or read to while at lunch, or while drawing or painting. She did not reflect that, just as books are words addressed to the eyes, speech is made up of words addressed to the ears, and that people may be looked upon as living books. And yet, how often young people thoughtlessly chatter and giggle rather than listen to their elders! "But," you may reply, "with a book that could read itself aloud it would be different. I could turn the book on or off as I liked, but with people —" Well, can you not do the same? A little attention and appreciation will start your elders telling you many interesting experiences; and a little inattention or interruption will usually stop them. Unless you have tried, you can have no idea what interesting and remarkable stories are concealed in the hats or bonnets of your elders. I was talking only the other day to a quiet, unassuming gentleman, a business man of New York city, and heard him tell how during a sea-voyage he was the only passenger when the crew mutinied. They were all put in irons and then chained in the fore-castle and cabin, while this quiet man walked the deck at midnight, pistol

in hand, and heard them trying to break their chains. Another gentleman living near him has killed more elephants than any of you ever saw in the biggest circus. A young married woman not far away has fallen over a precipice in a carriage with horses attached, being saved by a tree just at the edge. And you will find quite as many interesting or exciting experiences will be told if you will now and then, by silence and attention, set the "living books" to talking. Besides, nearly every man has his hobby, and can tell you much you would never otherwise know. From my own experience I would advise you by all means to cultivate your Army and Navy friends—they will be found the best of story-tellers. Books are only the reflections of real life, less bright, less vivid, less true.

READING IN GROUPS. Is n't too little attention paid by you young readers to the order in which you read books? It is not difficult to obtain lists of books so arranged that each helps in the understanding and appreciation of the following one. In the reading of Scott, for example, would n't it be wise to take them—or those you prefer—in the order of their time? First comes "Count Robert of Paris," then "The Betrothed," next "The Talisman" and "Ivanhoe," then "Castle Dangerous," "The Fair Maid of Perth," "Quentin Durward," and "Anne of Geierstein"—all of which are of times before the discovery of America by Columbus. Reading them in this order, one has a better idea of the early times, and appreciates each the more because of those before. If you are just beginning to read Scott, try taking them chronologically, in this way.

AWARD OF PRIZES. MANY of the competitors seem to have thought that to make up the list of books for a boy of fifteen (see announcement in June number) they had only to choose the best books for young people. But that was not the intention of the contest. The purpose was to secure a list of books that would lead a boy to prefer good fiction to sensational, poorly written, and yet lively stories—such as are found in the cheap "libraries" or "story papers." It is on this basis that the following prizes were awarded:

FIRST PRIZE, DOROTHEA CLAPP (15), 52 Hartford St., Dorchester, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE, ELIZABETH Q. BOLLES (17), 6 Berkeley St., Cambridge, Mass.

THIRD PRIZE, ALICE M. PERKINS (13), Idlewild, N. J.

DEAR EDITOR: I send a list of ten books of fiction which I think would lead a boy under sixteen to read good literature. I have tried to select books that cover a wide range, and although some of the works named are not the best that their authors have written, yet they seem to me to be the books which would most interest a boy and lead him to further reading of those authors:

Ivanhoe	Scott
Tom Brown's School-days	Hughes
Treasure Island	Stevenson
David Copperfield	Dickens
The Jungle Books	Kipling
The Last of the Mohicans	Cooper
The Story of a Bad Boy	Aldrich
Quentin Durward	Scott
Robinson Crusoe	Defoe
Tales from Shakspeare	Lamb

DOROTHEA CLAPP (age 15).

An examination of the lists submitted, and full consideration of the purpose in view, induces the judges to recommend the following books:

Kidnapped or Treasure Island	Stevenson
Ivanhoe or Talisman	Scott
Oliver Twist or David Copperfield	Dickens
Spy or one of the Leatherstocking Tales	Cooper
Tom Brown at Rugby	Hughes
The Jungle Books	Kipling
Robinson Crusoe	Defoe
The Story of a Bad Boy	Aldrich
Wild Animals I have Known	Seton
Men of Iron or Robin Hood	Pyle
Round the World in Eighty Days or Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea	Verne

These are not offered as the best books of the authors, or the best books for all boys, but as books that will displace sensational fiction and give a taste for good literature in those boys whose reading has been directed by a love for excitement and amusement.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CALAMBA, LAGUNA PROVINCE,  
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For several years I have read your magazine, and like best of all the letters written by boys and girls in other countries, and think they might like to read a letter from Calamba.

My brother and I are the first American children of school age to live here, and for a time the natives used to stand and stare at us; but now we all play together as at school in the States, only we use three languages—the English, Spanish, and Tagalog.

All educated Filipinos can speak Spanish, and we learned enough from the Apache Indians in the United States to make ourselves understood by these people.

There are about two hundred and fifty children attending the public school, which is in charge of one American and five Filipino teachers.

These children have neither story-books nor magazines, and few toys, except those they themselves have made.

They catch wild birds, and big lizards from two to three feet in length.

Many have to work very hard, especially the wood-boys, who go out to the mountains and cut, split, and carry in all the fuel used in Calamba, a town of about ten thousand inhabitants. And he is a happy boy who gets ten cents for the load he has worked as many hours to get.

I am, your faithful reader,

NELSON F. NEWMAN (age 12).

OCEANPARK, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last fall, when mother was East on a visit, one of my aunts wished to send me something, and fortunately it was ST. NICHOLAS. I look forward to your coming each month. The stories you publish are always interesting and instructive, and I enjoy reading them very much. At the end of the year I expect to have the magazines bound into a book. I enjoy the letters of the other subscribers, and wonder if there are many little readers who live where they can bathe in the ocean almost every day in the year.

My cousin came to visit us from Tacoma, Washington, and, with sister Helen, we three have fine times together, making tunnels in the sand, and going in bathing in the ocean; for it is almost as warm as summer the entire year. Some little children go barefoot all the year round. Many have never seen snow or natural ice, never seen lightning or heard thunder.

Oceanpark is situated on the sand, which extends back from the ocean nearly a quarter of a mile, and in the sand certain kinds of flowers, plants, and trees can grow. A little way back from the beach the choicest carnations are raised; also lemons, walnuts, and almost every kind of fruit and flowers.

Only thirty miles back from the ocean is the Sierra Madre Mountains, and between is a large ostrich farm. Before this letter becomes too long, I will close.

With love,

Your friend,

VICTOR CHRISTIE KINGMAN (age 11).

HALLTOWN, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your readers would like to know how pasteboard is made. My

father is a pasteboard manufacturer, and as I live very near the mill, I see a great deal of it.

There are two ways of making pasteboard; one is called chipboard, which is made entirely of waste paper. First it goes into big tubs called beaters, and is there beaten into a pulp. It is then taken in a big pipe to another big room, which is called the machine-room. There it goes on a blanket, which is called a felt; when it goes on the felt it is nothing but soft pulp and water, and when it gets to the end of the felt, it is pressed together so it is a very soft sheet. It then goes on big steam-rollers, and when it gets to the end of the rollers it is chipboard. Then it is put in cars and sent to different places. The other kind is called strawboard, and is made of cooked straw mixed with chips, or else entirely of straw. It is made the same as chipboard.

ELEANOR ALLISON EYSTER (age 8).

SALONICA, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I receive the ST. NICHOLAS and like it. I live in Salonica, next door to the German school, which I attend. The 29th of April a little German boy and I were standing at our gate. After a while I came upstairs. In about five minutes I heard the explosion of a bomb. Then I heard several. Then they began to go off on our corner. The revolutionists wanted to blow up the school-house. The street was full of Turkish soldiers. They fired in every direction, but had hard work to hit the men who threw the bombs. They were throwing for two hours. One hundred panes of glass were broken in the school-house and four in our house. The Ottoman Bank was blown up the same night and burned. The next morning they found a tunnel leading to the bank from a grocery, and it had a lot of dynamite in it. Your loving reader,

JAMES HASKELL.

BROWN'S VALLEY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about the fire. Dick, our visitor, and I were driving to Brown's Valley one Sunday morning. When we got to the top of the hill we saw smoke issuing from my grandfather's farm-house. Dick turned the horse, drove at breakneck speed down the hill, tied his horse, and ran down the lane. But it was of no use to try to save anything: the main house, the wash-house, and the cabin were all wrapped in flame. I had about thirty-five books, and they were all burned up. I took the buggy that Dick left at the end of the lane, and hurried down the road to give the alarm to my Uncle Leon; then I met him coming up the road on a horse. Then I thought I would go and meet my Aunt Jess and my Cousin Lita. When I went to "cramp" the buggy for them to get in, I was so excited that I almost upset the buggy. When Lita and Aunt Jess got in, the horse got excited, and ran the buggy against a rock and upset the buggy. My Aunt Jess was thrown heavily on the ground, and Lita got a severe scratch. We think the fire caught from a match lying in the sun. This ranch is located in Yuba County.

Your interested reader,

JOSEF CAREY (age 9).



### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Jamestown; finals, strangers.  
Cross-words: 1. Jewels. 2. Assent. 3. Mother. 4. Enigma.  
5. Sampan. 6. Throng. 7. Oracle. 8. Winner. 9. Nurses.

DIAGONAL. Cooper. 1. Confer. 2. Boston. 3. Swords. 4. Pepper. 5. Tablet. 6. Concur.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Third row, Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words:  
1. Beaver. 2. Babbie. 3. Garnet. 4. Praise. 5. Behave. 6. Adagio. 7. Lament. 8. Valley. 9. Bridge. 10. Minust. 11. Doctor. 12. Brooch. 13. Pullet. 14. Ranges.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Star. 2. Tone. 3. Anon. 4. Rent. II. 1. Bear. 2. Ease. 3. Asks. 4. Rest. III. 1. Tier. 2. Idea. 3. Eels. 4. Rasp. IV. 1. Fear. 2. Edge. 3. Ague. 4. Reed. V. 1. Pain. 2. Aloe. 3. Iota. 4. Neat.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Clover. 1. Cotton. 2. Ledger. 3. Orange. 4. Valise. 5. Ermine. 6. Rabbit.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Lowell; from 3 to 4, Alcott.  
Cross-words: 1. Lament. 2. Locate. 3. Byword. 4. Exceed.  
5. Slowly. 6. Annual.

A NOVEL ZIGZAG. Alfred Tennyson, The Lotus Eaters.  
Cross-words: 1. Act. 2. Heel. 3. Fate. 4. Layer. 5. Echo.

6. Tanned. 7. Thou. 8. Stone. 9. Nine. 10. Alien. 11. Yacht. 12. Egress. 13. Order. 14. Swoon.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Bind. 2. Idea. 3. Near. 4. Dare.

NOVEL DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, Charles; from 3 to 4, Dickens; from 5 to 6, dresses. Left-hand: 1. Cheated. 2. Shorter. 3. Startle. 4. Acres. 5. Myrles. 6. Referee. 7. Empress. Right-hand: 1. Dreamer. 2. Risible. 3. Encrust. 4. Sickness. 5. Solvent. 6. Enchant. 7. Sisters.

PI. The sky is a sea of sapphire,  
Dappled with purple and gold;  
White heats from the heart of August  
Over the land are rolled;  
White heats from the heart of August  
Into the lilies fold.

TREE AND ZIGZAG PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, Adonais; 3 to 4, pirates; 5 to 6, Mignon; 7 to 8, roses; 9 to 10, Rome; 11 to 12, yes; 13 and 14, so. From 15 to 16, skylark; 17 to 18, Adonais; 19 to 20, Easter; 21 to 22, Byron; 23 to 24, Cain; 25 to 26, ode; 27 and 28, be. Zigzag, Percy B. Shelley, Ambrose Thomas. Lowest line, Cor Cordium.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Daniel Milton Miller—Alice T. Huyler—"Johnny Bear"—Sue Abigail Preston—"Chuck"—Annie C. Smith—Nell G. Semlinger—No name, Haverford, Pa.—Elliot Quincy Adams—C. A. and F. H. A.—Allil and Adi—Lillian Jackson—Olive R. T. Griffin—Mollie G.—Louise K. Cowdrey—Lilian Sarah Burt—Lester M. Beattie—Laura S. Dow.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from M. E. Sloan, 1—Nahum Morrill, Jr., 3—Ruth MacNaughton, 7—N. Fitzgerald, 1—Amy E. Mayo, 5—Harold Levy, 5—Elizabeth T. Harned, 8—John I. Lippincott, 8—Anna Mackenzie, 2—John Elliott, 1—Jean Mackenzie, 1—M. Larimer, 1—Eleanor Clinton Babcock, 7—E. P. Frank, 1—Margaret C. Wilby, 8—Amelia S. Ferguson, 4—"Get," 8—Nathalie Swift, 9—"Clio," 5—W. G. Price, Jr., 2—Edward C. Hall, 1—George T. Colman, 9.

### DIAGONAL.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order here given, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous American.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Perpendicular. 2. Longed for. 3. Skilled in the art of reasoning. 4. A common bird. 5. Toll paid for passing the locks of a canal. 6. A very hard mineral. 7. A laborer. ELIZABETH KEEN.

### WORD-SQUARE.

1. A FEMININE name. 2. An open surface. 3. To erect. 4. Spun wool.

MARJORIE STEWART (League Member).

### SOME OLD-FASHIONED LETTERS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN *f* and *s* were made almost alike, "few" might be taken for "sew."

1. A brute might be taken for an inhabitant of a great country. 2. To fasten might be a number. 3. To disappoint might be to begin a voyage. 4. Discovered might be a noise. 5. Reputation might be identical. 6. To conform might be to be seated. 7. Corpulent might be "was seated." 8. A graceful young creature might be cut. 9. Unclean might be spirit. 10. Merri-

ment might be a luminary. 11. An exploit might be a chair. 12. A collection of ships might be snow mingled with rain. 13. Battle might be vision. 14. A quick gleam might be a long cut. 15. To nourish might be a germ. 16. An insect might be cunning. 17. Pay might be to observe. JEAN HERBERT.

### NOVEL ZIGZAG.

1	2	3
2	3	10
3	9	
	4	8
5	7	
6		

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Peace. 2. A grain. 3. A stable. 4. A South American country. 5. A garment. 6. To halt.

From 1 to 6 is the Christian name, and from 7 to 11 the surname, of a famous poet.

ROSCOE ADAMS (League Member).

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals name the Christian name and my finals the surname of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To spring. 2. For one time. 3. A wind instrument of music. 4. Midday.

ROBERT S. COX (League Member).









A MUSICAL GENIUS—THE PRIDE OF THE FAMILY.